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ART TREASURES. By Sir Martin Conway.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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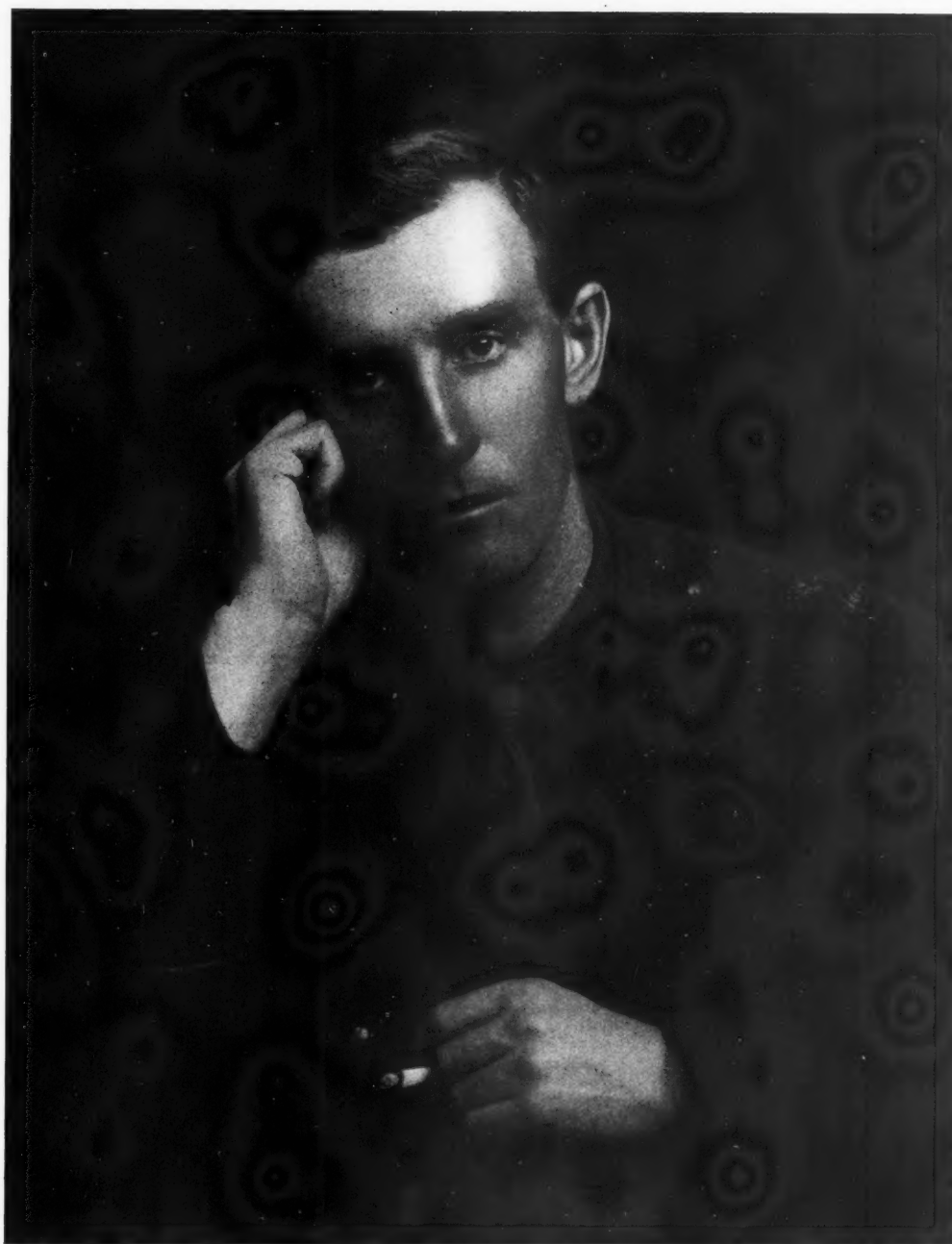
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# COUNTRY LIFE

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OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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## THE DOCTOR IN SCHOOL

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, has issued his Report for 1915. It looks, on the face of it, an alarming document. But in reading an official report of this kind to any purpose the first thing to determine is whether the statements are to be accepted at a discount or a premium. Is the author an alarmist or too much inclined to cheerfulness or hope? Let it be granted, first, that the School Medical Service has abundantly proved its value. We welcomed its installation, and thoroughly sympathise with its work and aims. But this Report is misleading, and, fortunately, there is a means of checking it. Sir George Newman concentrates his attention on his particular point of view. He is able, public-minded, patriotic, but scarcely understands the broad principle, expounded in last week's number, that, while experts may properly enough concern themselves with the details of school life, the nation, as a whole, will judge of their methods by the effect on the nation's

manhood. Sir George has very little good to say of the health of school children. He writes, as one convinced of British decadence, "if we are determined to rear a healthy and virile race of high capacity we must, from a physical standpoint, begin earlier and continue later than the hitherto accepted period of education." Be it observed that Sir George does not talk of improving a fine race, but of rearing one—as if the work were all to be begun. He bases himself upon the unqualified assertions that "not less than a quarter of a million children of school age are seriously crippled, invalided or disabled; not less than a million children of school age are so physically or mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides." As there are six million children at school, this would mean that one out of six is unfit.

Five millions are left, and Sir George does not seem to have observed that this is exactly the number of the New Army as given by Mr. Asquith, only if casualties be added to existing strength that number must be vastly exceeded. As the School Medical Service has conferred great benefit on the scholars, and the Army is composed of men who must, with rare exceptions, have left school before its institution, the soldiers *ex hypothesi* cannot form part of "the healthy and virile race" we are adjured to rear.

We read this Report just after reading John Masefield's book on Gallipoli. The contrast, alike in language and substance, is violent. In reading the Report one is almost sickened by the uncouth vocabulary. So often are the changes rung on such words as verminous, defective, malnourished, malnutrition, nits, pediculi and so forth that a feeling of contact with the wretched and unclean invades the inmost recesses of the mind. It is as though we were assisting at the obsequies of a society perished for sheer rottenness. Then we remember passages of noble sadness in the work of Mr. Masefield which reinstates the pride of race. "For physical beauty and nobility of bearing they surpassed any men I have ever seen; they walked and looked like the kings in old poems"—he is referring to the Anzacs and the Royal Naval Division—"men who had enlisted since the declaration of war, and had had not more than six months' active training." Said their officers, "they were in the pink of condition, and did not care a damn for anybody." For what was behind this fine physique, take the way in which the men of the Clyde made the bridge of lighters: "The average life on these boats was some three minutes long, but they remade the bridge" (the italics are ours). To elaborate the argument is unnecessary. Wherever the British Army has been it has at least demonstrated its physical fitness.

And it is a citizen army, the ranks filled from those elementary schools, concerning which the Chief Officer of Health writes. To bring that fact vividly before the reader's mind is not to disparage in any way the efforts of those who would press on and make this fine race of men finer still; who would strive to rid of disease infants and scholars, whether they are "entrants," "leavers" or "intermediates," as they are called in the *patois* adopted. All we plead for is that the work should be recognised in its true light, as only that of improving a race of men who will compare favourably with any other race, either of the past or the present. Very great harm has already been done by those who from very insufficient data draw the inference that the British nation is decadent. If the German Emperor had not so credulously accepted such views when they were expressed, as he thought by responsible Englishmen, he would not so rashly have rushed in to claim its sovereignty as his inheritance.

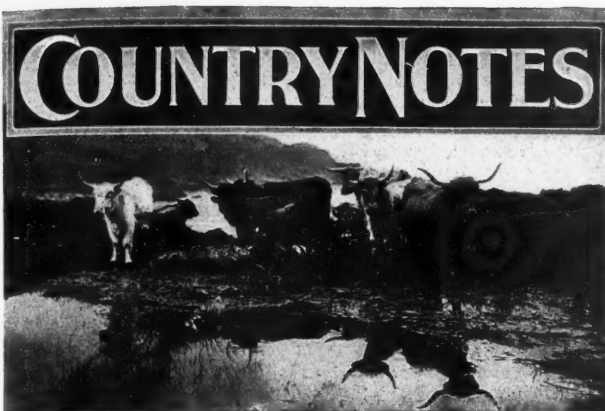
The School Medical Service is now strong enough to discard an argument that helped to get it established. It can proceed on its appointed and noble task of saving child-life and making men and women more healthy without harping upon a degeneracy that does not exist. All things go by comparison, and imperfections in ourselves can only be seen in true proportion by comparison with those of other races.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the late Mr. Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the Premier. Mr. Raymond Asquith was in his thirty-eighth year, and was married in 1907 to Katherine, younger daughter of Sir J. and Lady Horner.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





**I**N their bereavement Mr. and Mrs. Asquith will have the sympathy of a united nation. Their son Raymond, who has met with a soldier's death in France at the age of thirty-eight, was one of the rising hopes of Great Britain. He was one of the gifted few who are able to overcome difficulties with apparent ease. It was remarked of him that, while as a young man he went on achieving one high scholastic distinction after another till he had surpassed even his father's fine record, that the hard work he must have done never distressed him in any way, never abated a jot of that gaiety which made him the most popular man of his time at Balliol College, Oxford. And at no time was his reading confined to classics and text books. He knew the light literature of his time thoroughly, and was himself a poet. When war broke out he was laying the foundation stones of a great legal fame, and it was hoped that ultimately he would come directly into the service of his country, thus following his father's footsteps. That was not to be. His brilliant career is ended by a death as honourable as any a man can meet. The consolation, no less of his parents than of his widow, is that they will be able to look back upon his career as to something perfect and flawless that has been rounded off with sleep.

**NOTHING** could show more conclusively the determination of the British people to carry this war to a crowning success than the mood in which the news of Sir Douglas Haig's advance is received. Everywhere there is satisfaction (that hardly needs to be said), but everywhere also there is the feeling that this is only the beginning. There will be no flag-waving or victory celebration in this country till the French officers have realised their determination to water their horses in the Rhine. When they do that we may be sure that Sir Douglas Haig will be directing his artillery against fortifications on German soil. It would be less than poetic justice if anything else were to happen. This is said not from a revengeful feeling, but from a lively recognition that the lesson regarding the hardship of war which Germany has given so sternly to Belgium, Serbia and Northern France should be repeated in her own territory, if it be only for the purpose of impressing on the Teutonic mind that what Germany has meted out to others she may be called on to endure herself. It would probably act as the best possible deterrent to future adventures like that into which the Kaiser and the military circle by which he is surrounded have drawn their country.

**GREAT BRITAIN** and the other Allies owe M. Briand gratitude for his crushing reply to M. Brizon, a socialist deputy, who put forward an argument for peace founded upon a monetary calculation of the cost of the war. Every member of the Chamber must have felt what was the answer; there was no other who could have crystallised it in such clear, eloquent and convincing language. After the most steadfast defence made by any country against an invasion that stands without excuse France is still face to face with the fact that ten provinces are in enemy hands, that old men and women and children who have been carried off bear their misery bravely in the assurance of deliverance. An amnesty of millions would not atone for the injuries Germany has inflicted on France. Bring the argument home, and Britain's case is equally strong. After the blood shed in guarding the seas, after her gigantic efforts to raise a redoubtable army, how could she accept any peace that would not end for ever the Teutonic scourge?

**SIR GEORGE NEWMAN'S** medical statistics relating to schools would be more satisfactory if accompanied by a comparison with the corresponding figures for other countries. Similar schemes were, we believe, carried out abroad before they were adopted in this country, and figures relating to disease may look much more formidable than they are. Anyone who sits down and runs over the list of his or her intimate friends with a view to finding out which of them is physically perfect will easily grasp our meaning. Both men and women manage to play their part in life very efficiently while suffering from defects of one kind or another. Everyone remembers Lord Beaconsfield's cynical method of addressing those whom he did not remember and yet did not wish to affront: "Well, and how is the old complaint?" He knew that practically everybody possesses either in fact or fancy a complaint of one kind or another. One has a weakness in the eyes, another in the ear, a third something wrong with the throat, a fourth a trifle amiss with a foot or leg, and so on. If all these defects were set down on paper the race would appear to be in a very bad way.

**THAT** the contrary is the case has already been abundantly proved by this war. It gives the flattest contradiction to those who assert or assume that the British race is physically and intellectually on the path of decay. That mischievous assumption germinated at home, but was greedily adopted by foreign countries and particularly by Germany, for whose disillusion we are at the moment paying a very heavy price. At the same time, we are the last to argue that because the race is good and strong it should not be made better and stronger. The loss of child-life in this country is not greater than it was in Germany before the war, nor than it is in many neutral countries at the present moment, but in this respect Britain should not be content to be equal with those who have a high infant mortality bill. It should lead the way, and there never was a moment when this was more imperatively demanded than it is just now. In the work of recuperation which must be taken in hand with all energy after the war is over the greatest asset that any country can possess will be man power. Therefore, sympathy and assistance should be extended fully to the School Medical Service which is engaged in the task of eliminating disease as far as possible from the childhood of the nation. This sympathy can be heartily given without endorsing the view set forth so frequently before the war and more than echoed in Sir George Newman's Report, that this country is in the way of decay.

#### THE HORSES.

*"And thus I saw the horses in the vision."*

The hoofs of the red horse of War  
Go through the lands to-day,  
For Peace is taken from the earth  
And men must rise and slay:  
For they have heard the Rider call  
And, hearing, must obey.

And who is he who follows on?  
Who is it keeps so nigh?  
With a pale horse throughout the fields  
The reaper, Death, goes by:  
Mown down like grain about his path  
The dead in thousands lie.

But what is it far off we hear,  
The vision that we see? . . .  
Clothed in fine linen, pure and clean,  
On horses white and free  
The Armies that there are in Heaven  
Riding triumphantly.

MARIA STEUART.

**FARMERS** are certainly in luck this year. Prices are ruling high and the crops which at one time looked very depressing have come on wonderfully so that an average return is very nearly reached after all. According to the returns made by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, wheat is only three points below the average, barley one, oats five, peas three; while beans are one over. So are potatoes. Turnips, swedes and mangolds closely approach the average. No one in June would have believed this possible, as the weather conditions at this time pointed to a thoroughly disastrous year. Moreover, the harvest is very even all over the country. For once the south of

England is not much in advance of the north. In Scotland the harvest is now well advanced, and the potatoes taken up in the famous Dunbar district are giving very satisfactory returns. Unfortunately, the acreage under potatoes shows a decrease compared to what it was last year. The price has gone down very much in comparison with what it was in late winter and early spring, but still the return from potatoes must be extremely satisfactory to the farmer. We hope that some endeavour will be made to keep prices steady throughout the year.

MR. PHILIP GIBBS and other correspondents on Monday gave the first graphic account of the "Tanks," those extraordinary new war machines evolved in privacy by British engineers. "Crème de Menthe," the name of the first of these land Dreadnoughts, in the words of a correspondent, "waddled forward right over the old German trenches" to the surprise of the occupants. They attacked it vigorously with machine guns, but the bullets fell harmlessly from its sides and the machine trampled over the emplacements, crushing the guns under its heavy ribs, while the teams were shot by the crew. At Courcellette it searched about for German machine guns, stopped on heaps of ruins and fired down the streets. In High Wood the Tanks advanced through and on each side of it. "They broke down trees as if they were match-sticks and went over barricades like elephants." They simply "stamped down the German dug-outs as one might a wasps' nest." At Martinpuich they played a very important part, coming across No Man's Land "like enormous toads with pains in their stomachs." They went straight through the shells of broken barns and houses, straddled on the top of German dug-outs and enfiladed trenches. No wonder the salute which the Germans gave the novelty was a little blasphemous.

A VERY interesting article on the future of deer forests was printed in the *Times* of September 19th as from a correspondent. At present there is little or no demand for deer forests. Those who took leases before the war would in many cases be very glad to get rid of them, and it is more than hinted that deer stalking as a sport has lost much of the vogue it once had. In these circumstances the proposal to plant the lower forests with timber trees is a very good one, and the Development Commission is acting well within its scope in preparing for this work on a large scale. To a very great extent Scotland has been denuded of soft woods to be used for the purposes of the war, and there is no duty more incumbent on the Government than that of preparing for a sufficient supply of timber in the immediate future. The utilisation of these low-lying deer forests is closely connected with another question which has been engaging attention in Scotland, namely, the improvement of pure hill pasture. This has to a large extent been surveyed, and its improvement will be set about in earnest, we hope, within a reasonable period.

LITERARY readers will, we are sure, be extremely interested in a letter which appears in our "Correspondence" columns this week. The subject is an expression in a review of "The Book of Sorrow," which was published two or three weeks ago, namely, "the sorrow that Sorrow grows less." The point of the original writer was that the poignancy of grief is gradually assuaged by the lapse of time, and that even the ardent lover who thought the life of another was indispensable to his own finds that the image of his beloved fades and fades until it becomes a mere picture looming up from the mists of the past, accompanied with a pensive rather than an active grief. Our correspondent combats this view and adduces in support of the contention Wordsworth's "Desideria," "Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind," in which the poet mourns that he should forget "even for the least division of an hour." The poem is one of Wordsworth's best, and far transcends in merit the lines from "In Memoriam" which we quoted in the review.

THE subject is extremely fascinating and we venture to ask our literary readers to send any passage of poetry bearing on it. To some natures it is actually humiliating that the passion of love, like all other passions, like, in fact, everything else terrestrial, should wear out as a garment that has grown old. Poets, as a rule, shroud their faces when confronted with this fact. They would fain delude themselves into the belief that regret is always lifelong, if not eternal. The view contrary to that expressed by Wordsworth and Tennyson is very finely put by Miss

Butchart in her poem, "Do you know all?" which, of course, is included in the volume of her verses about to be published. There she laments because a friend at whose deathbed she watched has grown to be something foreign. She feels that they have been "drifting, drifting poles apart," and the little poem is in reality a lament because sorrow and its concomitant, union, is not maintained with the liveliness and vigour of the first few moments. The theme is sad, but possesses reality.

OUR agricultural readers and many who are not agricultural will be glad to learn that the articles dealing with the bringing of waste land into cultivation, which since the beginning of the war have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, are now prepared for issue in book form. No book ever was composed and printed for a more definite purpose. This purpose is to stir the British mind to some recognition of the fact that in every county in England huge tracts of land are practically uncultivated, even though they may be used for poor grazing or some similar object. But they are not yielding the food they ought to yield, and therefore represent undeveloped wealth. This, too, while food is rising to a most outrageous price, so that there is a very imminent prospect of want staring in the face those who are unable to find the comparatively large sum of money necessary to obtain the mere necessities of life. "Reclaiming the Waste" deals with a subject that has been absolutely neglected, both in education and practice, for, of course, reclamation in the old laborious, unprofitable style may be left out of account.

#### ENGLISH OAKS.

"Wherein lies our service at this hour?"  
Mourn the oaks, uplifting knotted arms—  
"England's bulwarks once, her warships dour,  
Holding far invasion's hot alarms—  
Crashing, grappling 'gainst the foeman's side,  
Battered, spent—yet snatching Vict'ry's pride—  
England seeks no help of ours, to-day!"

But the West wind, passing o'er the lands,  
Answers, to their murmuring intense:  
"Not by present deeds alone she stands—  
All the glorious Past is her defence,  
Reaching forward to the Future's aid—  
On such triple line her strength is stayed—  
And your service past endures for aye!"

E. M. MILLS.

THERE has been no previous book published for the purpose of showing that reclamation under modern conditions and aided by modern scientific manures is inexpensive and profitable. Further, if the reader were to search through all the agricultural colleges in Great Britain he would not find that even an attempt is made to teach the subject. Suppose a few hundred experts were wanted to start reclamation schemes in the various counties in Great Britain, it would be impossible to find them. No doubt, when Great Britain begins this work it will be done thoroughly, but the great difficulty lies in persuading our countrymen to make a start. One step forward has undoubtedly been achieved. Those in authority now fully recognise that reclaiming the waste must be a great part of our agricultural policy after the war. It is breaking no confidence to say that first and foremost the Development Commission takes a very enlightened and progressive view of the possibilities of reclamation. Secondly, the Board of Agriculture itself has displayed a practical and invaluable sympathy with the movement. And, lastly, we have good reason for saying that this is the attitude of the Treasury. Before the war began it would have been rash to make assertions of this kind, but as soon as hostilities were declared we recognised that scarcity of food was certain to arise in one way or another. It did so during the South African War, when there were no submarines and no hostile fleet. It was inevitable that when we had to fight a country like Germany, that had a comparatively strong fleet and a great faith in submarines, the transport of food must become difficult and we would be thrown more and more on our own resources. The purpose of this book, then, is to stimulate the British public to widen these resources with all the strength and efficiency which can be mustered. It is not necessary to rely altogether on the Central Authority. A few County Councils are already acting, and every other local authority should take part.



# GREECE

## I.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

BY GEORGE LAMLEY.

THE determination of the Entente Powers no longer to tolerate the obstructive policy of the Greek Government must come into immediate and sharp contact with the New Ministry formed under the Premiership of M. Kalogeropoulos. He avows a policy of benevolent neutrality to the Entente, but does not conceal his admiration for Germany. It will be necessary to force a decided position out of this indeterminate attitude of trying to face both ways at once. We may expect to hear at no very distant date, possibly before the publication of this article, that Greece has abandoned her neutrality and thrown in her lot with the Entente, in spite of the pro-German predilections of the King and his entourage and of many officers in the army, whose ideal of government is an autocratic and military despotism on the Prussian model.

When M. Venizelos first proposed that his country should come into the war on our side there can be little doubt that a large majority of the population, while sympathising with us, were averse to taking the great risks involved, in spite of the promise of Cyprus and the coast towns and certain districts of Asia Minor in which there was a large Greek population. Nearly all the news that reached them came from German sources, and continually recorded fresh victories by that Power, who, we were bound to admit, had conquered and held Belgium, a considerable portion of Northern France, Russian Poland, and an extensive district in Western Russia. The Gallipoli fiasco caused grave doubts as to our power to exert such influence in the Eastern Mediterranean as would protect them against Austria, whose naval base in the Bocca di Cattaro was within twenty-four hours' steam of their principal cities, all of which were open to bombardment from the sea.

With the lesson of Belgium before them they had no delusions as to what would happen if the Central Powers were victorious, or even if they succeeded in entering Greek territory, and this lesson was driven home by the Armenian massacres. The undoubted instigation to, and participation in, these massacres by German consular officials and other agents, which seemed incredible when first reported, may probably be explained by the desire of the German Government to bring home to the Greeks the fate that would overtake their compatriots in Asia Minor should Greece dare to oppose Germany or her allies. It is a terrible charge to make against a civilised Government, but it is absolutely certain that the German officials in Asia Minor would not have dared to take the part they did had they not had instructions from Berlin, and that it was only necessary for the German Government to express disapproval to ensure the cessation of the massacres. While Enver Pasha and his associates are directly responsible, and should be punished accordingly, it must not be forgotten that they are the tools of Germany, and whoever is responsible in that country for the atrocious treatment of the Armenians should be suitably dealt with when peace terms are arranged.

After the fall of M. Venizelos and the formation of a new ministry from the pro-German party, there is small reason to doubt that liberal promises of assistance, in men, money and munitions, were made by Germany to persuade Greece to join the Central Alliance, and that they nearly succeeded in doing so. The Greek Government knew that, unlike the Germans, neither England nor France were likely to bombard undefended cities or wantonly lay waste the country, and they did not believe that our land forces could succeed against their own army supported by the Germans, Turks and Bulgarians.

Fortunately, however, Greece is not self supporting so far as corn is concerned, but is largely dependent on supplies of wheat and flour from abroad, and there was little prospect of obtaining an adequate supply of these by land. This was convincingly brought home to them when we blockaded part of the coast and prevented any ships entering the Piræus for three weeks, with the result that Athens was brought to the verge of starvation, and they were compelled to give satisfactory assurances as to their future policy.

Moreover, the principal export of the country being currants, and the bulk of these sent to England, the cessation of this trade was bound to cause great dissatisfaction to a very considerable portion of the population, who are almost entirely dependent on the profits of this crop, and would

have been reduced to poverty if unable to dispose of it. The declaration of war by Roumania had a profound effect on the situation, for the Greeks are an intelligent and quick-witted people, and they knew that, after keeping out of the conflict for two years, Roumania would not have finally decided to join on our side unless she were convinced that we should win; for, in the event of Germany's success, her fate was certain to be that of Belgium and Serbia. The Greeks also saw that, in spite of the repeated reports of fresh victories by the Germans, the latter were being more or less rapidly forced back on all sides. They may possibly try to defer their final decision until the situation in the Dobrudja becomes clearer, although such a course will still further reduce their right to compensation.

Finally, the invasion of Macedonia by the Bulgarians, with the obvious connivance of the late government, has so discredited the latter in the eyes of the majority of the people, it must have become clear to those in authority that to persist in their pro-German policy would bring about a revolution, and probably the expulsion of the King and the proclamation of a republic.

It is stated, in reports from Athens, that the delay on the part of the new Greek Government in declaring their adhesion to the Entente is consequent on their desire to obtain definite promises as to the compensation Greece is to receive when the settlement takes place after the war; but it is understood, on good authority, that it is not the intention to make any definite promises, and that she must come in unconditionally. It is not likely, for instance, that the offer we made of Cyprus, at a time when her aid would have been of great value and probably saved Serbia, and which was subsequently publicly withdrawn by Lord Grey, will ever be renewed, or that we shall entertain any future proposal of the kind.

When, however, at the conclusion of the war, the new boundaries have to be drawn, it will be necessary in the interests of future peace to try to so adjust them that one race shall not be subject to another. To do this it will be advisable to overlook to a certain extent the past actions of King Constantine and his advisers, and consider only the interests of the Greek race. In Smyrna and various other cities on the coast of Asia Minor now subject to the Turks the majority of the population are Greek, and there is a considerable Greek population in the surrounding districts. It is inconceivable that these people should any longer be left in subjection to Turkey, but at the same time there are grave objections to putting the Turkish peasantry under Greek rule. I have talked with a number of Greeks in Smyrna and other towns and found them most intolerant, and am certain there would always be trouble if another race were made subject to them.

There seems only one way in which the difficulty can be satisfactorily solved, and that is by ascertaining the total Greek population of Asia Minor and then giving to Greece the coast district to a sufficient depth to contain the whole of this population, and then arranging an exchange of land and houses between the Greeks outside this district and the Turks within it. No doubt there would be many difficulties in arranging this, but with good will on both sides and some financial assistance from the Government it is certainly possible.

The same arrangement could be made in drawing the new boundaries in the Balkans, and I am convinced it is the only possible solution of the problem that can lead to a permanent settlement. Any punishment of the Bulgarians which includes the handing over to another race of territory with a Bulgarian population would simply be sowing the seed of future trouble, and for this reason it will be necessary to take from Greece a considerable part of Macedonia if, as asserted by some authorities, its population is predominantly Bulgar. Any loss of territory in this district would be of far less value than what she would gain in Asia Minor; indeed, she would be far better without it, even if she received no compensation, as there would be constant friction between the two races. It is true the Greeks assert that a large portion of the population is really Greek, and the question would have to be gone into very carefully; but the simplest and most practical way of settling the question is to put aside all the theories of the anthropologists and go to the people themselves. If a man considers himself a Greek and wishes



others to consider him one, then for political purposes he is a Greek, although his physical characteristics may seem to be purely Slav; and the same rule should hold good with reference to the Serbs, Bulgars, Wallachs and other races who are almost inextricably mixed up in the Balkan Peninsula.

We must to a certain extent dissociate the rulers from the ruled and remember that the latter, in Turkey and the Balkans, consist almost entirely of an ignorant peasantry who have neither the knowledge nor ability to form an impartial judgment for themselves and can know nothing

of what is going on abroad, other than the misleading and frequently false information supplied to them by their rulers, on whom the principal punishment should fall.

There is not space to deal with this question adequately here, but it was necessary to introduce it in support of my point that, in considering the future of Greece after the termination of the war, we should not allow the tergiversations of King Constantine and many of the officials and officers to prejudice us and prevent our dealing equitably with the just racial claims of the Greek people.

## II.—ART TREASURES MENACED BY WAR

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

**M**INDFUL of the destruction wrought by the Huns at Reims, Louvain and elsewhere, the Greek Government does well to protest beforehand against a like savage treatment of the world's priceless heritage immovable on her soil in the event of war spreading over the historic soil of Greece. Uncivilised armies in the past have destroyed so much that to-day only fragments of the great Greek buildings of the Classical Age remain, but they are infinitely precious, not

appreciated or understood by the multitude. It is the pilgrimage shrine of the elect. Only those who have both known and felt what the great Athenians of old attained, accomplished and aspired to can feel within themselves the resonant thrill to the deep diapason of the past without which its ruins will be beheld as mere heaps of stones and its statues as so many uncomfortable nudes. For that is how a Greek statue actually does look to the unenlightened Northern eye. Many years ago I was present at one of a



G. Lamley.

THE ACROPOLIS.

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so much to tourists, who are poorly equipped on an average with knowledge and the æsthetic sense, but to those to whom the people of a better educated and more highly civilised day will owe that better education and that higher civilisation.

For all its glory Athens is not a city of the world's affections like Venice, or Assisi, or Rome. It excites wonder, admiration and reverence rather than love. It is the most resplendent among the cities that have fashioned the civilisation of the world. It is the creditor of mankind beyond all others. Every intelligent person desires to behold its monuments and once at any rate to stand upon its soil; but no one has ever said, "See Athens and die." She does not draw the visitor to come and come again. The Parthenon, for all its majestic perfection, does not creep into the heart and abide there like St. Mark's. The visitor to Athens who would feel all the thrill of that wonderful city must take more with him than Venice calls for. He must be filled with memories of history and literature. He must realise what Athens stood for throughout a thousand momentous years. He must be able to interpret its battered ruins and mentally re-erect its temples and repeople them with the statuary they were made to enshrine and with the worshippers whose ideals Fane and Figure so gloriously incorporated. Athens, therefore, in her fallen estate cannot be fully

series of free lectures delivered in the winter under the auspices of the City Council of Liverpool to a large popular audience mainly consisting of working men. The subject was something to do with classical antiquity, and the lecturer's first illustrative lantern-slide was of the sculptured group of the Three Graces. The moment it appeared on the screen the whole audience was convulsed with laughter which waxed and waned and waxed again and lasted on and on for several minutes. What that audience saw was just three naked women, and the sight seemed to them as utterly absurd as Carlyle's naked Duke of Windlestraw in a naked House of Lords. The ordinary uninstructed tourist is not quite so "green" as these Liverpool working men, but he belongs essentially to the same intellectual class, and to him the treasures and monuments of ancient Athens will not yield up their charm. Behind the Parthenon and the Erechtheum were the people for whose use and delight they were raised, and those were the men whose heroic resistance to Persia in her might and pride laid the foundations of the strength and independence of Europe. For the man who would feel all that the ruins of Athens imply Marathon and Salamis must be more than names. When he treads her soil he must go in silent communion with the great men in whose footsteps he treads. Here philosophy was born and

taught. Here oratory gained the ascendant over physical force and politics became for a time the interest of the wise. Behind the wonderful sculpture of Pheidias, the architecture of Ictinus, the beautiful minor arts as perfected by so many skilful hands and creative imaginations, there was the most comprehensive intellectual movement that the people of any century or country has ever experienced. Not even the days of the Renaissance were comparable to those. Without that intellectual movement the art could not have come into being. Art, literature, philosophy were all one in that they were so many different expressions of the greatness of the group of great men whose like probably never existed together in any single community before or since. Hence the incomparable value of every stone of Athens which was shaped and set up in her great days, and the importance for generations yet unborn that we, in the forgetful passion of war, should not injure or permit the injury of any one of the monuments and treasures which we hold for the future in fee. Up to 1687 the Parthenon remained practically entire, notwithstanding the successive alterations that had been made to adapt it for use as a Christian Church and as a mosque. War the destroyer at that late date wrought irreparable damage. In 1656 a powder magazine in the Propylæa was exploded by lightning; in 1684 the Temple of Wingless Victory was removed to make way for a battery; and in 1687 the Venetians bombarded the Acropolis, and the Parthenon was wrecked by another explosion. Greece therefore does well to remind belligerents that the future will hold them no less accountable than we hold the destroyers of bygone days.

The existing Parthenon is not the earliest built upon the site. Its predecessor had been destroyed by the Persians in 480, the year of Salamis. The present building was not ready for dedication till upwards of forty years later. Would that the account of his work which Ictinus wrote had come down to us! He might have told us about those subtle curves which replace almost every apparent straight line in the building and give even to its remains the grace and vitality which all must feel, but have only been



TEMPLE OF THESEUS.



PORCH OF THE ERECHTHEIUM.

G. Lamley.

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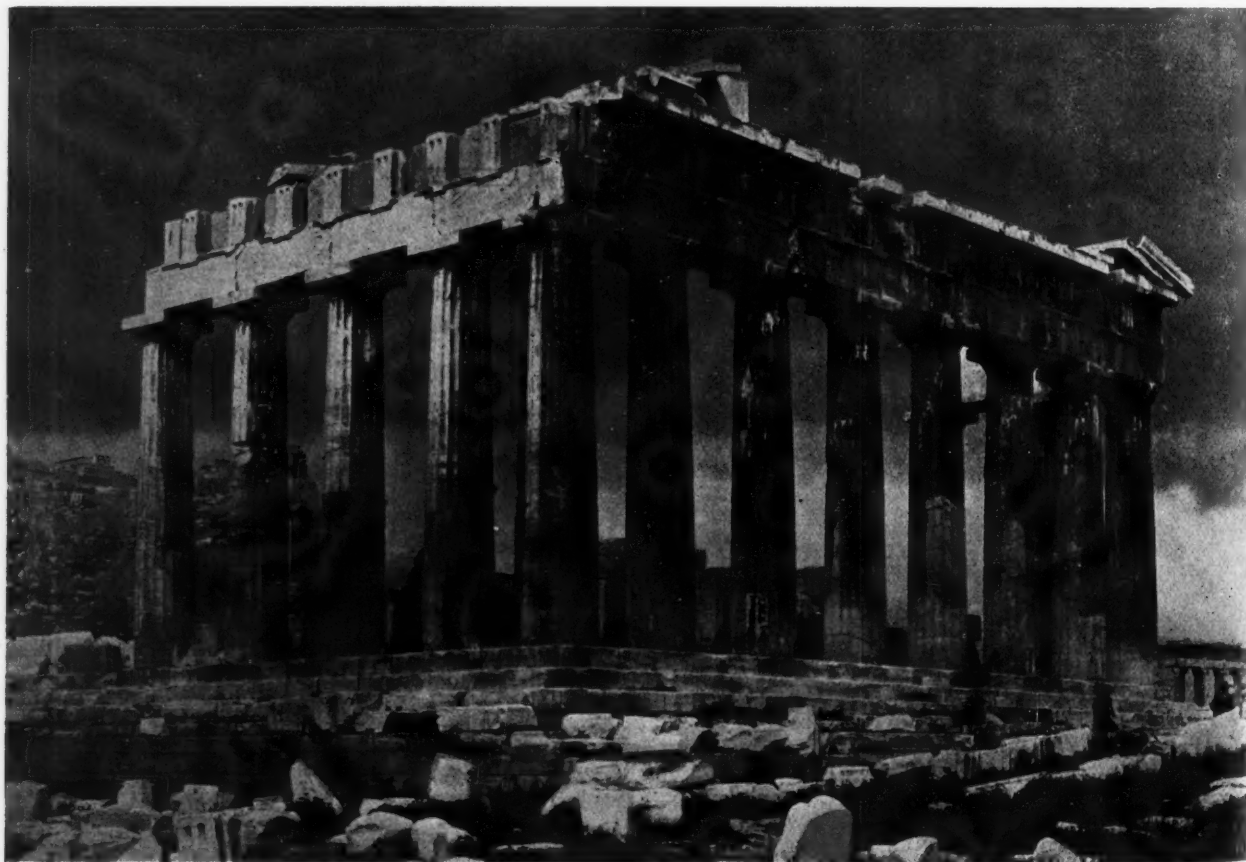


THE PARTHENON: EAST END.

history first written. Here the first great tragedies were acted. Here Sophocles discussed and Plato and Aristotle explained by patient measurement and modern investigation. The stones of its structure are not the mere rectangular parallelepipeds which a machine could cut. Each varies purposely from a true symmetrical form, and with one surface or another bends slightly to some curve. Hence the vitality felt in every fragment, the beauty discoverable in each smallest part.

Nothing now stands erect upon the staged pavement but some rows of massive columns and a portion of the internal wall at one end; but the loveliness of these columns

and of the portions of entablature and pediments they bear does not wholly escape even an untutored eye. Beheld by day or by night, in sunshine, moonlight or storm, and from whatever point of view, these stately supports impose themselves upon the spectator as the most satisfying for their place and purpose of any that exist in any building in the world. They are unequally spaced by design, and not one of them was ever vertical, yet we only see that they escape the monotony which modern classical rows of columns invariably present. The light catches their delicate canellation with infinite tenderness of play. The sculptured decoration was an integral part of the creator's plan, though it is



G. Lamley.

THE PARTHENON: WEST END.

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not true that the architecture was intended to be a mere scaffolding for the sculpture. The columns and other structural parts were as perfectly designed and wrought, each for its own place and purpose, as were the figures in pediment or frieze. Were it not so, the existing remains, from which most of the sculpture has been removed, would be as little delightful

as Charing Cross Railway Bridge. Many attempts have been made to build up models that should reproduce the temple in its completeness. All fail to give the remotest idea of its charm, because the size of the whole is as much an element in its beauty as are its proportions and its decorative features. It is not enormous like Karnak; the refinements of Ictinus could not be applied on such a scale or in any material less choice than the finest marble; but the scale is actually large in proportion to the size of human beings, and very large for such perfect finish of surface and detail. It is in the relation between size, material and finish that part, at any rate, of the fine effect consists. Could we behold the contemporary sculpture complete in its place, the same perfect relation of parts to whole would be observable. Everyone knows how the Elgin Marbles look in their gallery in the British Museum,



CARYATIDES OF THE ERECHTHEIUM.

splendid in their mutilation and detachment; but few can imagine how much finer they would appear if we could be shown them from the intended standpoint and in the order and surroundings designed for them. Here is not the place to discuss the meaning and arrangement of the pediments which have received some half-hundred of different learned restorations

and interpretations. The Birth of Athena was the subject of one, the Contest between her and Poseidon for the dominion of Attica of the other. Every Athenian knew all about them, but even the best informed of us can scarcely hope to revive the emotions they may have kindled in an Attic breast. The frieze is more completely preserved and better appreciable when nearly half of its slabs hang in the British Museum. Considerable portions still remain *in situ* on the building itself. A modern spectator can more easily appreciate its meaning than that of the rest of the sculpture, for we all know what emotions a procession may evoke, and the frieze depicts the great procession which occurred once in every four years on the birthday of the goddess at the great Panathenaic festival. Who does not remember the graceful maidens, the brilliant cavalcade of youths, and the seated



G. Lamley.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER AND MOUNT LYKABETTOS.

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assemblage of the gods? How the interior looked and what it contained are questions that can only be answered from written records which are far from complete. There appears to have been a gallery something like a triforium above the colonnade, with trophies and dedicated treasures displayed between its supports. The chief object within the shrine was a colossal statue of Athene in gold and ivory by Pheidias, which we may believe to have been splendid, but can gain no idea of from the miserable copies and yet more miserable modern restorations that pretend to reveal it. If in some other stage of existence it were possible for us to voyage back into the past how many a disembodied spirit would make the cella of Athene one of his first journeys in a world to come! Would the approach be made on foot, I wonder, or through the air. If on foot, the spirit-pilgrim would mount from the city as of old along the steep path which still in its decay leads up by ramp and staircase to the noble Propylæa—the pillared portico and gateway through which the upper level of the Acropolis could only be entered. It is about a decade later in date than the Parthenon and substantially similar in style. Jutting out on the right hand of one entering was the delightful little temple of Wingless Victory, whose shattered remains have been re-erected on their ancient site and the fragments of its lovely sculpture replaced. Here assuredly the pilgrim would linger, but we must not,

for space is denied to us. Entering through the marble gateway the modern visitor's eye is arrested by the Parthenon, rather to the right above a gentle slope, and the smaller Erechtheum at about an equal distance and rather to the left; but another object would first attract the attention of our spirit-pilgrim—the colossal bronze statue of Athene Promachus, Athene armed and ready to fight for Athens, the gilded point of whose spear shining in the sun was looked for by sailors as they doubled Cape Sunium. This likewise came from the workshop of Pheidias. It must have been a majestic figure, for Alaric beheld it in a vision on the walls of Athens and straightway retired from the city he had been on the point of plundering—thus at any rate the legend says, and who would be so sceptical as to call it in question?

The Erechtheum, a slightly later building, but still of the fifth century, is no less worthy of minute study than the Parthenon itself. It shows what freedom of planning and composition was possible in a style of architecture which we are liable to consider restricted in those respects. Its details are decorated with carving of loveliest design and the most perfect finish and some figure sculpture of great beauty. Other Athenian architectural treasures, such as the temple of Theseus, the monument of Lysicrates, and works of the Roman period, in so far as we have space to reproduce them, must speak for themselves.

## ECHOES OF THE WAR IN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

IT is not without substantial reason that the annual exhibition of the London Salon of Photography claims to represent the latest and best in pictorial work with the camera. The fine collection of pictures now on view at the Galleries of the Royal Water Colour Society, 5A, Pall Mall East, S.W., demonstrates that whatever may have happened

elsewhere to restrict photography and photographers, the Salon has continued to forge ahead, and the organising committee is to be congratulated on the remarkable display of striking and original work which has been got together this year. It is a matter for surprise that so extensive a collection of camera pictures could be brought together in



F. J. Mortimer.

THE SOUND OF GUNS.

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Major Colin Campbell.

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"NOT HESITATING TO FLY IN EVERY KIND OF WEATHER, THEY HAVE REMAINED UNDAUNTED THROUGHOUT."—*Commander-in-Chief's Despatches.*

a time like the present, and it is further evidence of the vitality and attractiveness of the Salon that exhibits are to be seen on the walls from practically every part of the world, with the exception, of course, of enemy countries.

Notable among the pictures are those which reflect in various ways the spirit of the times and deal with subjects connected with the war. The number of these is not large in proportion to the exhibits as a whole, but they are sufficiently diversified to be representative of many of the phases of the subject inevitably uppermost in the minds of everyone to-day. The war at sea, on land and in the air, all find expression at the hands of the pictorial photographer. To the British mind pictures of the sea have a peculiar attraction, and those at the Salon will undoubtedly make an irresistible

appeal. The sea affair is particularly well suggested by the pictures of F. J. Mortimer, who for many years has made marine photography peculiarly his own. "The Empire's Shield," a striking picture taken from the deck of a battleship, embodies the eagerness and watchfulness of the British tar in a convincing manner. Into such a picture we read the symbol of the British Navy—"Ready, aye Ready"—and take good heart from its inspiring message. "The Trail of the Huns," another of Mr. Mortimer's sea pieces, tells a different story in an equally realistic fashion. One need not say much to indicate what the title can suggest. A sinking sailing ship, a harmless merchantman, maybe; the crew in desolate attitudes in their boats; a sullen sky and heaving waters. What better record could be made of



Engr.-Com. E. J. Mowlam, R.N.

A DESTROYER.

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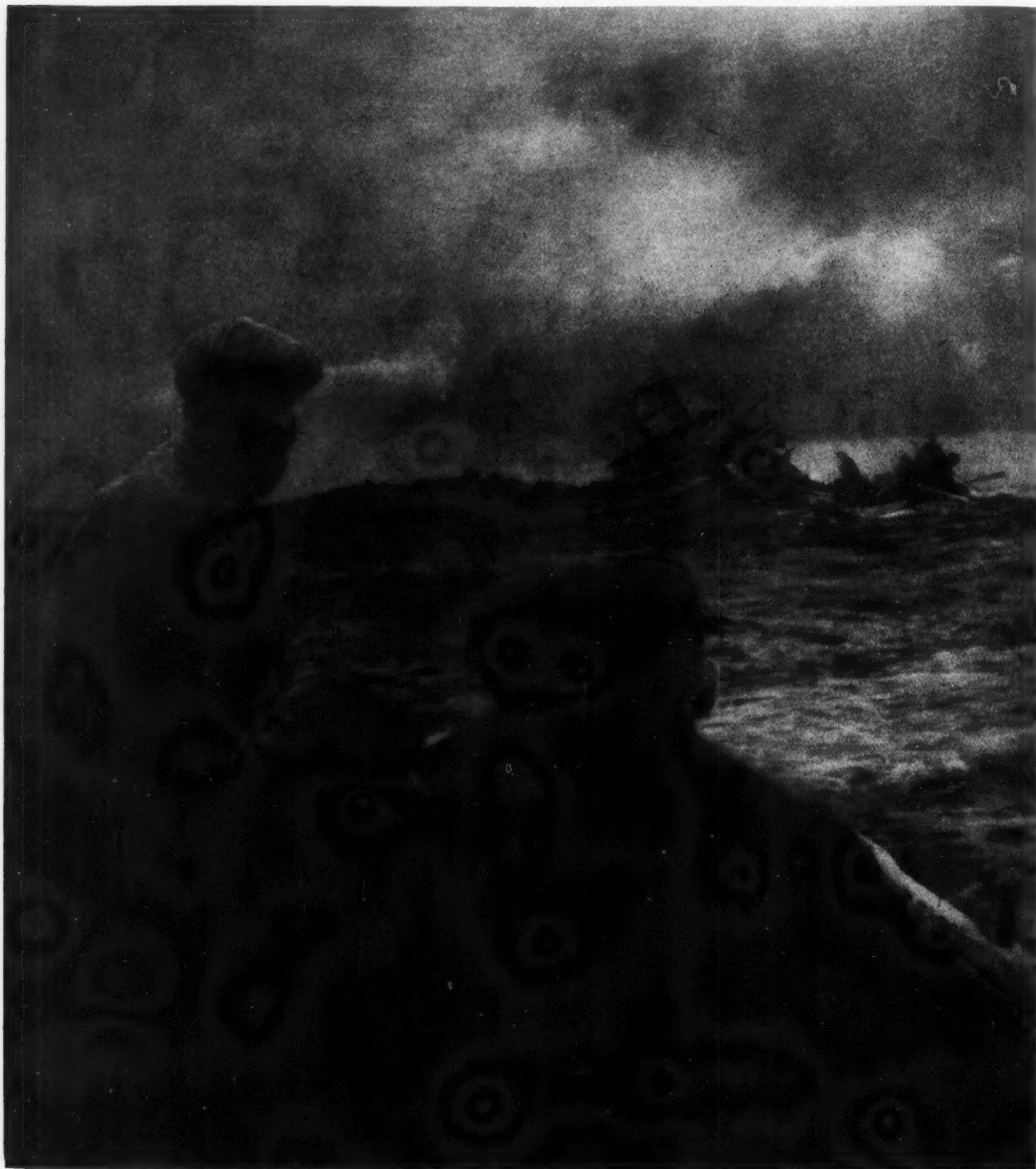


the methods of barbarism practised in the name of "Kultur" by the enemy of mankind whom we fight to-day? This picture in its way may well become famous as a warning for the observation of future sailors, and teach them the right attitude towards all things German in the free atmosphere of the sea.

Yet another phase of the story is shown in the picture "The Sound of Guns." How many times this scene may have been observed at various points on the East Coast it is difficult to conjecture. Here are the waiting wife, sister and child, looking yearningly across the sullen

tears through the water. It is good to know that British sailors were aboard this engine of destruction. The same exhibitor's "In the North Sea" shows a distant battle-line of ships through the murk of a dirty day at sea. The rolling waters and heavy sky are well rendered, and even to the uninitiated convey an impression of "the real thing."

The war in the air finds a fit pictorial exponent in Major C. D. R. Campbell of the Royal Flying Corps. His picture bearing as title a quotation from the Commander-in-Chief's despatches—"Not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather,



F. J. Mortimer

THE TRAIL OF THE HUNS.

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waste of water whence comes the distant "boom" that gives the subject its title. How often, too, has the sequel to the incident followed in a manner that the vivid imagination would render all too poignant!

The naval pictures by Engineer-Commander E. J. Mowlam, R.N., are also concerned with the sea story, but are records of incidents rather than embodiments of ideas. "A Destroyer," for instance, is frankly a snapshot of the ship in question, but exceedingly good and undoubtedly taken on the spot. We see and feel the rush of the vessel, the thresh of the propeller, and the burst of spray as she

they have remained, undaunted throughout"—is a fine commentary on the wonderful achievements of our newest and most enterprising fighting arm. To Major Campbell is due largely the remarkable perfection reached in photography from aircraft, and it is significant that in the fine effects shown at the Salon by this exhibitor straight photography in its most literal sense has been the vehicle of expression. As pictures they rank high, as a representation of atmospheric effects they are excellent; but it is as certificates of fact that the work of the aeroplane photographer-observer will take highest rank.

## THE FRIEND OF POETS.

IT seems but yesterday since Theodore Watts and Charles Algernon Swinburne were living in bachelordom at the Pines, Putney, the latter by the light of a many-branched candelabrum in his study above turning his legendary lore of Northumberland into ballads, and the former in his study below, doing long critiques for the *Athenæum*. Mr. Watts was not a man in a hurry. In deference to the wishes of his mother he added Dunton to his name, but not till many years had passed after her death. As Theodore Watts his fame was made, and he was reluctant to tamper with the name. For he had notions about names as about everything else, holding that the ideal one should have three syllables for the first and two for the second. I mention this for the benefit of godfathers and godmothers.

The names he used to cite in justification of this view were those of William Shakespeare, Samuel Coleridge, William Wordsworth and Jeremy Taylor. Unfortunately, the theory did not work well when applied to his most illustrious contemporary friends. Of these the closest was Dante Gabriel Rossetti—in familiar talk at the Pines called simply Gabriel. George Meredith came next, and his case was a poser. There can be no question as to the excellence and distinctiveness of the name, so it had to be classified as an exception that proved the rule. Another George—George Borrow—was unfortunate in his name, as it suggested commonness. So was Alfred Tennyson. There is something pellucid, sparkling in it like his own brook, but it is not a name for handling tragedy with. Dearly would Tennyson have liked to figure as the dramatist of his age, but the sparkling tri-syllabled patronymic forbade it! Nor was Robert Browning an improvement. In the shadowy garden at Putney, secluded, yet almost within touch of the passing train, he used to hold forth with piercing eloquence on the value of having a name that stood in the public mind, but he never succeeded in constructing a working hypothesis that would apply in every case. John Milton is surely a fine name for a poet, so is George Herbert, so is Geoffrey Chaucer.

This digression about names started from the statement that Mr. Watts was not a man to hurry. He did not either marry or change his name till verging on the precincts of old age, and he hoarded "Aylwin" for years (or was it ages of centuries?) before confiding it to the public. After at various times and places reading the greater portion to me, he once lent me the manuscript for a week. Without looking upon the work as a masterpiece I thought it would go, and it did go indeed when eventually the plunge into full publicity was taken.

Next to "Aylwin" came the "Encyclopædia Britannica" essay on poetry, which, in accordance with his wishes, has now been published under the title of "Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder" (Herbert Jenkins). Mr. Thomas Hake, who contributed an interesting introduction, says it was written in 1884 and first published in the ninth edition. It was ordered by Baynes, but printed when Robertson Smith was editor. Often Mr. Theodore Watts talked to me of his first visit to this victim of a Scotch heresy hunt. He who was not lavish of praise considered Robertson Smith the ablest and most learned man of his day, an editor capable of giving hints even to the most famous of his specialist contributors. "To me," said Theodore, "he spoke as though poetry had engrossed the study of his lifetime."

The essay is good, and will remain so for many a day. It was written when the author was at the zenith of his power and his mastery of English in many respects unrivalled. The great merit of his writing lies in its clearness and decision. The father of Mr. Watts was a leader in science, one of the prominent founders of the British Association, and the boy's education had been largely scientific in character. Later his profession was that of a solicitor or attorney, to use the term common in his day. His style, definite, hard, clear, was born of this preparation and his own temperament. What it lacked was what Burns called "hair-brained sentimental traces" and "the light that never was on sea or land." What it possessed in too great a degree is a continual search for the Absolute where there is no Absolute and too much dogmatic statement. Henley put all this too strongly perhaps, but with some truth, in an epigram not hitherto published, and which will not be published now. The author of "In Hospital" was in every respect the antithesis of the great critic, and the two jarred on one another. They united only in a common admiration of Swinburne.

But Henley's fun has always a savage turn about it, like a lively Airedale pup playing with a kitten, which in the end it will try to worry. None of the Henley school could have written this solid yet interesting exposition of the groundwork of poetry. Mr. Hake recalls the complaint that it suffered from strict limitation as to space. I do not think so. Mr. Watts-Dunton has always a leaning towards prolixity and the style gained by compression.

What I like most about the book is that it calls up so many memories of conversations. There were not in his day many better talkers. It would be impossible to deny his occasional scorn and bitterness. In the following passage one can almost hear him speaking: "For, although the desire to be witty and humorous is universal, it seems to be stronger in dull people than in others. The fact is curious, and deserves the attention of the philosophical inquirer. In a classification of dullards, for instance, the highest place must be given to the middle-class Briton, yet there are more jokes cracked over a single Bayswater dinner than were ever cracked over an Attic wine party—more 'funny' things said in the Stock Exchange in a single day than were said in a week at the Mermaid, or in Jerrold's gatherings by Covent Garden."

Equally faithful as a reproduction of his very tone is the whole passage dealing with such "twiddlings of the lyre as ballades, kyrielles, pantoums, sestinas, villanelles." After dryly remarking of Andrew Lang's "Ballade in blue china" that it is not given to man to be heroic when dancing in spangles, he pursues his comment in the following caustic vein: "Reginald Scot says in his 'Discoverie of Witchcraft': 'Irishmen . . . will not sticke to affirme that they can rime either man or beaste to deathe.' Without proffering any opinion as to the lethal wizardry of Irishmen, we, for our part, will not 'sticke to affime' that Englishmen (aided and abetted by Scotchmen and Americans) can rhyme a student of poetry to death. If on Parnassus there is a place at all for the muse of 'debonair verse' it is far down on the lowest slopes." Surely he forgot the many light and lovely things in the "Lyra Elegantiarum," or all this sprung from a sub-conscious feeling that his hand was too heavy for such fancy work. One can always tell a Watts-Dunton poem at sight by its harshness, the forced ingenuity of its rhyme, the lack of singing quality. By a caprice of human nature he valued himself more on his verse than on his prose, while it is assuredly the latter which entitles him to a place among Victorian writers.

On the human side there is much to be said in his praise. There must have been something particularly fine in one who had such a capacity for friendship. He was the most trusted in the group of Pre-Raphaelites. Almost the last letter written by George Meredith was a tribute to the bond that had existed between them for a lifetime. Watts thoroughly appreciated the genius of Meredith, but disliked his literary methods. He said the novelist first set down his story with a charming clearness and simplicity and then proceeded to spoil it by sprinkling in thousands of witticisms and phrases artificial in the extreme and clever only on the surface. To this he would add that Sir James Barrie, an enthusiastic Meredithian in his early days, invariably quoted the worst of the interpolation for the public to admire.

For a long time it was expected that Watts would write the lives of Rossetti and Swinburne. But he was too loyal and discreet to have done this well, and having lived his life with these men he could not realise that a frank and full portrait would not offend anybody now. If a man is worth knowing at all we do not want a cloaked figure, but a real personality. Tennyson used to say to him, "We are all rushing to obscurity, some a little faster than others," but the pace is accentuated if there is no intimate acquaintance to hand down their presentiment to posterity.

Of meetings with Browning and conversation at Lechlade with Ruskin, of conversation with Ruskin and the humours of Rossetti, he was ever ready to speak. And no one had a more intimate knowledge of Algernon Swinburne. When the two were together the merriest time was Christmas, which they kept in a manner that would have delighted Dickens, of whom Swinburne was especially a very great admirer. The two men, in fact, agreed largely in their literary preferences. Both upheld the Elizabethan drama, both loved the memory of Charles Lamb. They joined in thinking Byron a rhetorician and in admiration of Robert Burns.





... we are the King of England's subjects :  
For him, and for his right, we hold this town. . . .  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

—SHAKESPEARE, "King John," II, i.

THE most interesting inhabitant of the Castle of Anjou was King René (1409—1480), who holds an important place in the line of genealogical descent from Alfred the Great to King George V. The Austrian Emperor Francis-Joseph is also in the direct line from René, and two more different men it would hardly be possible to imagine. The Second Act of Shakespeare's "King John" begins with the opening speech of Philip King of France: "Before Angiers well met, brave Austria," and in a short time King John of England also arrives before the walls with his army. This is no place to go too far back with ancient history; but I must explain what Angers was before these puissant princes met in front of it, and say something of the causes and results of their encounter, in order to make clear the place of René in French history and the renown of the great fortress within whose mighty towers he was born.

Roman Angers was taken and burnt by Childeric in 475, and when his son Clovis had turned out the last Roman general, he gave Angers to his son Chilbert, King of Paris and ancestor of Hugh Capet, with Theodebert, Chilbert's nephew, as the first Count of Anjou. I can but briefly sketch the vital points in the story, so I must pass over the taking of the city (about 720) by Charles Martel and

its gift by Charlemagne to Milon, Count of Maine, in order to come at once to the first sailing up the Loire of the Normans, who burnt the place, according to their custom, in 853. The first fort was built against them by Ingelger thirty-four years afterwards, and his son Fulk the Good became Count of Anjou. By 1010 Geoffrey Greygown, in the same line, had founded the Benedictine Abbey, and its ancient carvings are shown in the first illustrations to this chapter. He was followed by Fulk Nerra, that great fighter and founder of fortresses up and down the Loire, who died in 1040 and was succeeded by his nephew Fulk Rechin, who built the Benedictine Abbey Church of St. Aubin, the remains of which are preserved in the wonderfully interesting carvings and frescoes of the Prefecture discovered in 1837 beneath a shroud of plaster and cement. In 1853 the Romanesque doorway was found in the same courtyard as that containing the sculptured arcade. The carvings themselves seem to have been done by workmen far more ignorant of anatomy than their comrades were of architecture; but they are most valuable relics of their time, and they may usefully be compared with many of the figures in the Bayeux tapestry.

Fulk Rechin married the famous Bertrade de Montfort, whose second husband was Philip of France, great-grandson of Hugh Capet and ancestor of the Valois Kings. Rechin's son, Fulk (V) of Anjou, by his wife Ermentrude of Maine became the father of Geoffrey Plantagenet, who married the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I of England and granddaughter of William the Conqueror. The second wife



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ARCADING AT THE PREFECTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



of Fulk (V) of Anjou was Melisanda, daughter of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, on whose death Fulk succeeded to that ancient throne as well, while his son Geoffrey held Anjou and Touraine, and his daughter-in-law fought Stephen for the English throne. Geoffrey's son, Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, became Henry II of England, father of the Lionheart, of another Geoffrey and of John. It is clear that the second Geoffrey's son, Arthur, whose mother was Constance

After these weighty happenings and the death of Philip Augustus in 1223 the Counts of Anjou were Kings of France, but the title became definitely separated in Charles d'Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, who became King of Sicily and Naples and married Beatrix, heiress of Provence. He died in 1285, and his daughter Beatrix married Philip Courtenay, Emperor of the East. His son, Charles the Lamé, had a daughter Margaret, who married Charles of Valois and



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AT THE PREFECTURE, FORMERLY THE ABBEY OF ST. AUBIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Brittany, should have succeeded Richard Cœur de Lion, and it is the tragedy of Arthur's death that is the real subject of Shakespeare's "King John," though its historical result was the transference to the French crown of Anjou, Maine, Touraine and Normandy. King John's son, Henry III, by his marriage with Eleanor of Provence, became the father of Edward I.

became the mother of Philip VI of France, whose grandson was Louis (I) of Anjou. His son, Louis (II) of Anjou, husband of Yolanda of Aragon, was the father of our hero René, and I must apologise for all the genealogical details that were necessary to explain both his importance in history and the events of his adventurous life, which began in the Château of Angers on January 16th, 1409.



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A CARVED AND PAINTED TYMPANUM.

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ROMANESQUE CARVINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

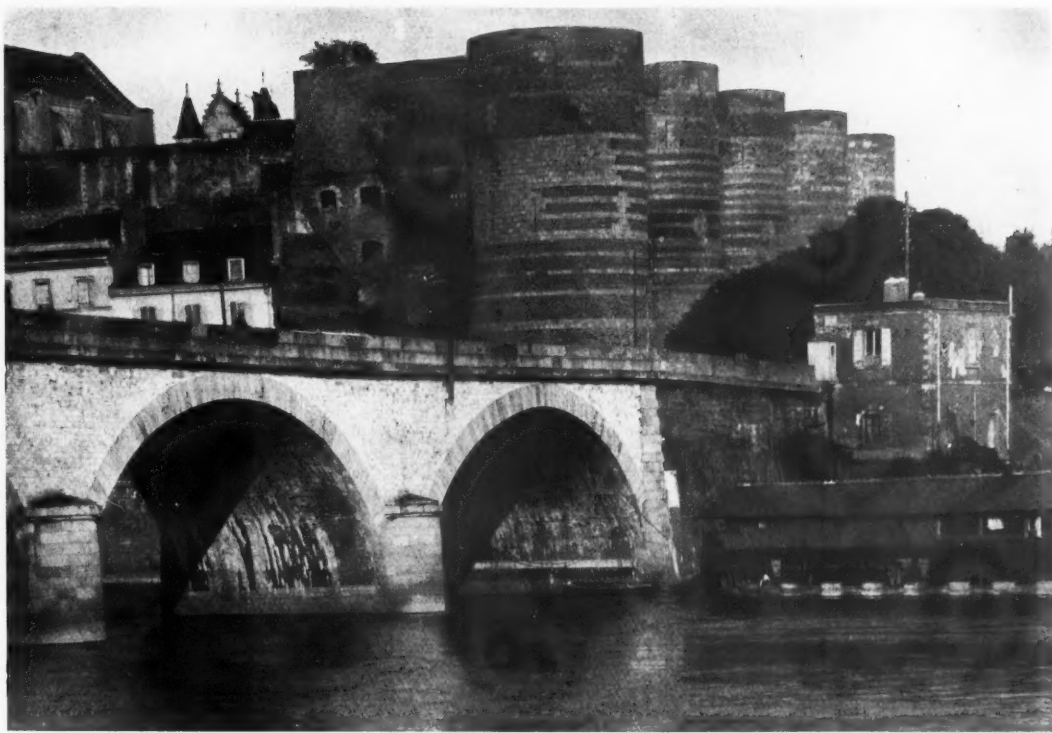
This ancient fortress had been strengthened and enlarged by Saint Louis, but the vast pentagon with its seventeen grim, grey towers above the river dated from the reign of John Lackland. The work of the first Duke Louis, still recorded in his treasury accounts between 1375 and 1379, was not of great importance. But his daughter-in-law, Yolanda, a very intelligent and remarkable personality, did a great deal for the castle buildings, which she re-roofed entirely from the famous slate quarries of the district with the help of one Jean Guillot, whose payments begin in 1408. Slate was found in the very moat of the castle, and the characteristic appearance of its banded masonry is due to the local material so properly employed from 1376 onwards. It was Yolanda, too, who built the castle chapel of which a part still remains, with Jean Ducieux and Jean Penlort as her carpenters, and this was finished in July, 1411. In 1410 André Lévesque was "Master Mason of the King of Sicily in Anjou and Maine." He was followed by Guillaume Robin, who worked on the castle of Angers and built several châteaux in the surrounding country. He died in 1463, and his son (of the same name) worked at the castle in 1467, and it must have been relations of his who were glass painters in Anjou and master-masons at Tours. He was succeeded by Jean Gendrot.

René himself, who lived longer in his birthplace than in any other part of his wide-spread domains, held a court in Angers, where you might meet Provençals, Angevins, Lorrainers, Italians, Moors, and "French from Paris," with poets, painters, writers, architects of every nation. In his youth his charming character had led Jeanne d'Arc to ask that he might accompany her and Robert de Baudricourt on her journey from Lorraine to France. He had not only protected Jean de Village, the steward of Jacques Cœur from the pursuit of Charles VII's officers, but he helped Jacques Cœur himself to escape from Beaucaire into the Mediterranean. With his cousin Charles d'Orleans he was constantly exchanging a courtly and poetic correspondence from 1443 onwards, and they visited each other both at Tarascon and Blois. We know, too, that François Villon, a poet of a very different kind, was at the court of Angers in 1456. So Catholic a taste as René's



was reflected rather in the gardens, the menagerie, the furniture or the paintings than in the somewhat stern and repellent exterior of the château. Yet even for this he was not content to trust wholly to Maitres Guillaume Robin or Jean Gendrot. He took advice from everyone and made designs himself, until by 1471 the great house contained some fifty-five apartments of various kinds and sizes in which were sheltered the King and Queen, the officers of their court, the Duke of Calabria, and many more. His menagerie in the gardens was an especial joy, for it contained dromedaries, wild goats, wild boars, stags, monkeys, peacocks, ostriches and other birds, lions, leopards, foxes and wolves. A leopard outlived all the rest (after eating one of its keepers), and the last lion died in 1476.

But Natural History was far from being the only pleasure of "the good King René." He loved to paint his birds and beasts; and his fame as an artist is even more widespread in Provence than in Anjou. He probably learnt to paint from Flemish artists at the court of Burgundy (between 1431 and 1437), and he must have met Jan van Eyck at Dijon. In Naples, too, he was well able to appreciate the work of such men as Colentino del Fiore, Angelo Franco, Antonio Solario, and in later years in Provence he would have been able to admire



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THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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TOWERS AT SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Perugino, Botticelli and the rest. But, if we may judge from what few authentic works of his remain, it was the Flemish school (now called "French Primitives") which chiefly influenced his own attainments; and it must be remembered that both fashion and etiquette would be sternly opposed to any King who was so undignified as to attempt what others could paint for him. However, the picture called "The Dead King" he no doubt did do with his own hand for his tomb in the Cathedral of Angers which was destroyed at the Revolution. It was probably retouched by Adam Wandeland, who was born in Angers and lived till 1574. There is more explicit evidence regarding the painting of the Tournament of Saumur in 1446, which was done under René's direction by two Flemish artists. This also has disappeared, and, like the other, was on wood panel. He seems to have also painted a "Madeleine" as a gift to his wife in 1447, and a "Crucifixion" for the Minorite Monastery of Laval. This, too, has been lost. The inventory of his castle of Angers after his death contains the names of eleven other pictures, many of which were no doubt by his own hand.

But it is the art of illuminating manuscripts in which he seems to have excelled, and the accounts of his secretary, Hervé Giellin, are full of items concerning materials for this delicate and beautiful work. Of at least six "Books of Hours" which have been attributed to him, that called the "Diurnal" is, however, not authentic. In 1519 this manuscript was given to the Sisters of St. Clair at Pont-à-Mousson by Philippa of Gueldres, wife of René's grandson. It bears arms which René never used, and cannot be earlier than 1480. The "Bréviaire" in Paris is of the same date, or probably five years later, and the title, "King René," is in this case the title of the grandson only. Some of the other "Hours" at Vienne, Aix, Angers and Poitiers have no other proof of authenticity but the fact



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A LONG RANGE OF TOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DRAWBRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



that our René may have owned them, and certainly did paint illuminations of this kind. But a book now in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Ms. lat. 1156) contains a copy of the picture of "The Dead King" already mentioned. It has René's own arms, and it contains manuscript notes of personal and family interest (written opposite the various dates) which do not go beyond the year 1446. A second copy (Ms. lat. 17332) carries these personal notes on to René's second marriage in 1454, and contains the motto he assumed on the death of his first wife. It passed from Jeanne de Laval to the great family of la Trémoille, and the arms of Henri, duc de Thouars, are on the first page.

Both these last manuscripts contain the work of the Royal artist, among whose familiar friends was Barthelemy de Cler (mentioned in the same line with Fouquet by Pellerin), who was paid for certain illuminations done for René at Avignon about 1449, and in 1456 he was given a dress of figured satin by Jeanne de Laval at Angers. Georges Trubert was another illuminator who was chiefly at work with René in Provence, and married an Arlésienne called Marguerite Bonnatte. The expenses for his valet and his horse figure in the Royal accounts for 1478. Coppin Delft, another of this gallant band, was perhaps more worthy to rank with Poyet or Fouquet than the rest. As his name suggests, he was Flemish, and he worked in Anjou from 1456 onwards, one of his portraits being that of Jeanne de Laval herself. He was also commissioned to do certain decorative painting on René's vanished tomb in the Cathedral. Some of his work may still be seen in sketches preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale and in Bodley's Library at Oxford.

Though the best sculptors René had were probably Francesco Laurens and certainly Jacques Moreau, we hear more details about Jean Poncet and his son Pons, who were chiefly concerned in the details of René's monument. Both were Angevins by birth, and the son only left in 1459 the work his father had begun in 1450, and then went to Nantes. He returned to the tomb, however, soon afterwards and took up another commission as well in the Carmelite Church of Angers. But his best achievement was the tomb of René's nurse, Tiphaine, in Notre Dame de Nantilly at Saumur, which was in progress in 1462. It was finished by Colin de Hurion, another Angevin, who seems to have been especially proud of the huge slab of black marble on which the figure of the nurse rested, with her two Royal babies, René and his



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MAISON D'ANJOU FROM THE RAMPARTS.

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COURTYARD OF HOTEL PINCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sister, in her arms. René's touching epitaph to her memory is all that is left of a monument most characteristic of the man and of his affectionate disposition.

In the Bibliothèque Méjanes of the town of Aix-en-Provence is a manuscript called the "Missel du Roi René." Numerous notes occur throughout the book in his own handwriting: in February, the death of his wife "Isabel"; in March, the birth of his daughter Margaret, Queen of England; in July, his capture in battle; in August, the birth of his first-born; in September, his marriage to Jeanne de Laval. His character comes clearly before us as we read these notes he wrote, and we see a man who, in the best sense of the word, was versatile; who was ignorant of nothing great or useful or beautiful in his time; a prince whose honourable loyalty led him in his early years to stand in arms by the side of Joan of Arc; who in maturer life fought the battle of France in stubbornly struggling to preserve his own inheritance; who gave a Queen to England, and to Lorraine a princess whose blood flows in the Imperial house of Austria. Through all the mischances of his life he never lost the privilege of creating his own happiness in his own way. Full of charity and loving kindness, not only to his own subjects but to all the poor and the oppressed, he carried out strictly in his own life the principles on which he founded his Order of the Crescent. His tenderness and affection for both his wives were unchallenged and unassailable. He built wisely and well. He encouraged the arts of painting and of manufacture. He instituted many a religious ceremony and many a festival which lasted into the nineteenth century and will never be forgotten in the South at any rate. He was full of interest in history, geography and the natural sciences, and some of his own writing still remains to testify that, while he knew what the best literature could be, he had an enduring charm of thought and manner of his own. He held as great a place in the world of his own day as the Duke of Burgundy or even the King of France; and if he escaped the terrible fate of the first he never incurred a hint of the ignominy which has been sometimes too plentifully bestowed upon the second.

The stern grey castle of Angers is not perhaps a building so typical of his character as many of his châteaux in the South: there is scarcely any interest in its story after his death; but in the town that castle guarded there is at least one house which is a classical example of that Renaissance of which he was as indubitable a forerunner as was Charles VIII. The Hotel Pincé was built by Jehan de l'Epine, the architect of the famous Château du Verger. It was one of several similar results directly traceable to the statute of Louis XI in 1474, which ennobled all who held high municipal office in the town of Angers. This it was which urged Olivier Barrault (mayor in 1497, 1504 and 1505) to build the charming house which is now the Town Museum, and this it was which led the family of Pincé, who held the mayoralty at intervals from 1494 to 1539, to commemorate their eminence in the town house which is illustrated in the last pictures of this chapter. It was probably Pierre Pincé (died 1511) who built this charming example of the new French style, and the six-pointed star upon his shield may still be seen upon the vault of the vestibule to the grand staircase. There were other buildings like the Logis Lanier, with its monumental chimneypiece, in the

rue St. Julien, or the Hotel de l'Ancreau in the rue Saint Michel. But the Hotel Pincé is by far the best example of its kind, and I feel more inclined to say good-bye to good King René in its gracious doorways than beneath the massive shadow of the towers of his own castle.

For René was not merely a humanist of the humanists; he was divided from the bloodstained buttresses of those feudal battlements by more than kindness of heart and an affectionately domestic disposition. In an age which was rather too prone to that Machiavellian intrigue so praised by its historian, Comines, and so disastrously revived by its more modern and Teutonic pupils, René stands out as an honest politician. That is one reason why his material successes were not so great as those obtained by more unscrupulous players in that great game of Kings which was already in full swing when the grotesque carvings at the beginning of this chapter were first chiselled for the monks of Angers. René's real claim upon posterity lies rather upon artistic and intellectual grounds; upon the



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HOTEL PINCÉ: DETAIL OF C. 1510.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

serenity he showed in evil fortune; the dignity with which he faced defeat; the constancy with which he died at Aix on July 10th, 1480, still in possession of his titles of inheritance, and knowing that he possessed them for the good of France.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

### THE BLUE-CLAD MEN

Sea and sky in splendour meeting, hailing breezes running free,  
And the crowds of city-dwellers taking life forgetfully . . .  
Yea, because a Master-Spirit triumphs in a wondrous mien—  
God is Joy, and here, most surely, Heaven-given Joy is seen:

For the many Blue-clad Heroes, maimed, on crutches, bravely go,  
Smiling at one's helpless pity, knowing—what is good to know—  
They have done their duty wholly, not for glory, scarce for grace,  
Had they died the end were equal, it is written in their face:

And the air is charged with Courage, it is ill to show our tears;  
We can only look a "Thank-you!" And believe that down the  
years  
They will stand a Shining Army, loved, revered, content, we  
pray—  
God is Joy, and Joy is springing in their laurelled hearts to-day!

LILIAN STREET.



# THE PUBLIC HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 330.)

**G**RETNA TAVERN, Carlisle, is the first-fruits of the new idea for the public house of the future as it is being developed by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic). Why was it opened? The need was national and urgent. Not far from Carlisle is a long tract of country now being studded with munition works. At one end is a town we will call A

and at the other a village that can be known as B; between them armies of workmen digging, hammering and getting thirsty. Town and village overflowed; the surplus poured into Carlisle, and the public houses hummed—houses, some of them, with their half dozen "snugs," as the baleful little drinking parlours are called.

There is no need to dwell in detail on the outcome. Suffice it to say that the Control Board descended on Carlisle and neighbourhood, commandeered the whole machinery of

fittings, but we have good black Windsor chairs to sit on and pleasant white tables, and the electroliers are gay things improvised with coloured paper. One item must be mentioned even if it calls up unpleasing memories. Mr. Redfern was asked to provide spittoons in plenty. He was told they were essential, and he refused. But no one defiles the floor; it is not necessary to suggest a dirty habit, and for lack of being suggested the habit has ceased.

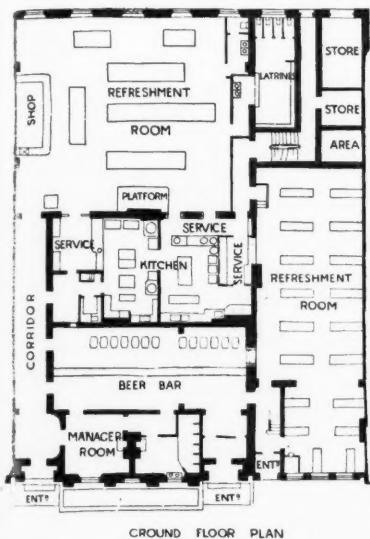
Now we go to the town A. Imagine the thousands of men coming off work on Saturdays at twelve and descending on the six little taverns that were there, long queues of thirsty men; the bars and "snugs" overwhelmed, with results very unedifying. But all that will soon be changed. A great house of refreshment will soon be opened, to be called Gracie's Banking from its site—a jolly name.

Gracie had a "banking" or rope walk on this field of an acre and a quarter which adjoins the High Street. It will soon be a garden, and on it grows a long, low building, at right angle on plan (Fig. 2). Time pressed and there was no leisure for a permanent building, so it is built of timber, tarred black like an old punt, but livened with white windows and yellow shutters and green gutters. It will stand for twenty years, but its timber construction will make it easy to alter it as experience may show and as changing and bettering habits may dictate.

One wing is a very long café room divided into two by a temporary partition. At one end are food and beer—the restaurant; at the other beer and food—the refreshment hall. This puts shortly the difference in the predominating element, but the experience of Gretna Tavern shows that even in the refreshment hall, where beer claims a majority, the sight of trim tables, set enticingly with cold viands—like the cold table in our club coffee rooms—leads the customer to spend his money on good food and less beer.

In the other wing we have a greater revolution. The long room is equipped as a cinema theatre, but it can also be used for concerts and meetings. During the day the space nearest the screen is set with writing tables, and from the tea-room which runs alongside it refreshments can be served in the hall. This wing can be entered from the street without going into the beer-provided wing at all. Facing south and overlooking the bowling green and quoits ground is an open loggia 110ft. long. It is needless to enlarge on the merits of this. Gracie's Banking may be regarded as a type of the town public house, and we go to the village of B to see similar ideas developed for a smaller place (Fig. 3).

On the site was a tavern with a clutter of ramshackle buildings behind it. These are being cleared away; the old

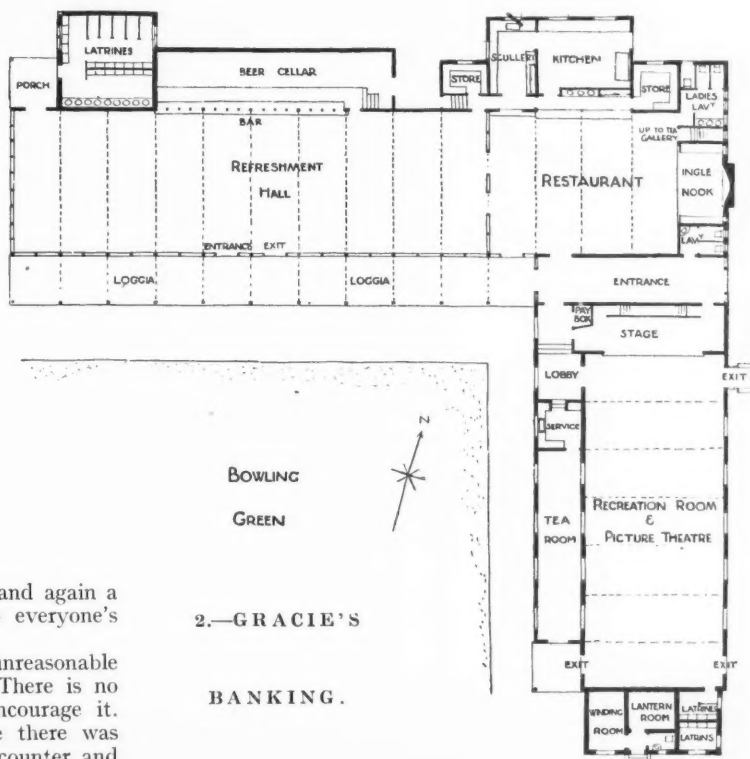


1.—GRETNA TAVERN.

drink traffic, and set about its Augean task. It was quickly seen that the problem was not only caused by ugly facilities for excessive drinking, but by lack of facilities for reasonable eating. Time pressed.

The Postal authorities had lately vacated an old sorting office, and it fell to Mr. Harry Redfern, Architect to the Board, to do the best he could with rather unpromising material. Eighty men slaved at the alterations for three weeks. The plan (Fig. 1) shows a result no less interesting for being makeshift. A little room near the street entrance, next the manager's office, is set apart for Post Office money business, and will shortly have its clerk. Here we can transact war savings business—surely a novel notion in a public house, not usually associated with thrift. We go on past the beer bar into the big refreshment room with tables spread about. Already the beer bar has been found uselessly big—customers dislike drinking at it and neglect it for the tables in the refreshment room. At one side of the room is a shop counter where we can buy fruit and tobacco, sweets and stationery. At the tables we may write our letters and send home the postal orders bought in the adjoining room, and, that done, we can have a substantial meal, or "snacks," such as a Welsh rarebit. The second refreshment room shown on the right of the plan is not yet open, but will be in a little time. The tavern is a huge success; week by week the sales of food go up and the sales of beer decrease. Spirits are not sold at all, but no one complains. We are served by waitresses in trim blue uniforms with mob caps. Do our navy friends, their corduroy trousers strapped in traditional fashion below the knee, try jesting with these ladies? Not at all; they are not only well behaved, but rather shy. But they do not fail to be happy in these novel surroundings. A gramophone is there, but rarely does anyone set free its mechanical notes. On a platform is a piano, and now and again a customer will go to it and play and sing to everyone's pleasure—a true *café chantant*.

We are in a veritable club. There are no unreasonable restrictions, but no one abuses the freedom. There is no drunkenness, for there are no "snugs" to encourage it. The architectural amenities are small, because there was no time to do more than utilise the old office counter and



2.—GRACIE'S

BANKING.

house becomes the manager's quarters and shops; a new tavern is to be built, The Globe. The idea marches a step further here. Recreation hall, cinema hall and billiard-room are there, and, in addition, a village reading-room—culture as well as refreshment.

Our last plan (Fig. 4) emphasises a fact important to remember. The idea of decent friendly houses of refreshment brings in no architectural complication: it simplifies everything.

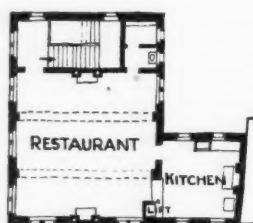
In Carlisle there was a working men's club, now derelict. The Control Board has taken it in hand, and it will soon be the Butchergate Tavern. The club room downstairs becomes the café (we lack an English word for it) by the addition of a short bar; the upper floor a restaurant; the committee room a kitchen. Complication began when public houses were turned into furtive nests of "snugs" and private bars.

We need visit no more of these "houses set in order," for the four show the changes which the benevolent autocracy of the Control Board has brought about, changes all to the good. Already there is opposition. The extreme temperance folk do not like beer-drinking, however moderate, to be made decent.

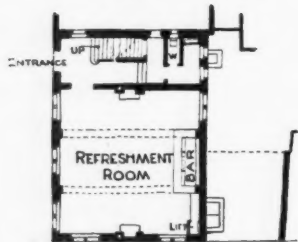
There are murmurs from more expensive caterers who do not like meals to be available at the cheapest prices consistent with good quality and decent service. But common-sense will support the Board in its policy of combating drunkenness by creating a public opinion against it, and by

making the refreshment of the people a comfortable and leisurely business of which neither caterer nor customer need be ashamed.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



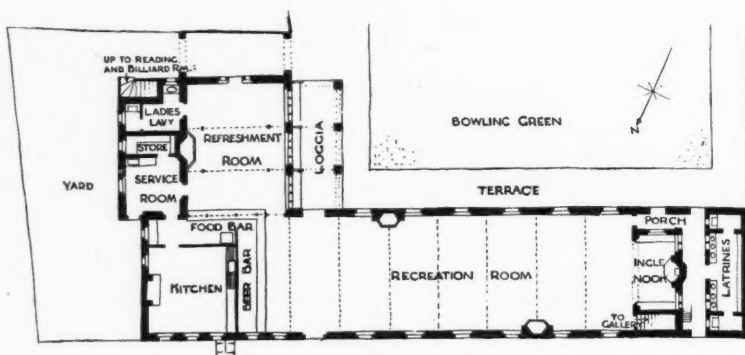
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

4.—BUTCHERGATE TAVERN.

## THE "YMN BOOK" MAN AND MY GARDENER

WHEN I took the little house in which I am now living, it had been unoccupied all through the autumn and winter, and so—being neglected and allowed to run to waste—had become a howling wilderness. Upon the lawn, immediately in front of the house, a vandal (possibly he called himself a house decorator, but I call such as he a devastator) had made a bonfire in which to burn paper, torn from the walls, and other refuse. The lawn itself was a trampled tangle of weeds, trodden-in beech nuts, and rotting leaves which in their turn had rotted what had once been grass. The entrance drive was so snowed under with billions of withered leaves that I was moved to say to a caller: "If Hercules were alive to-day, they wouldn't set him fooling about to clean any silly old Augean stables. They would say instead: 'Hercules, you are a strong man and an Immortal, so you have a few hundred years of spare time before you; just turn your strength, your time and your energies to clearing away these few billions of dead leaves, and when you have made a good job of it, report yourself to us.' And my belief is that, being a man with a reputation to keep up, Hercules would have gone home and shot himself."

In these circumstances I decided that I must engage a gardener, and seeing a man employed in a garden in the town I asked him whether he were free to accept a job. He said "Yes; at eightpence an hour, otherwise four and six a day," and on my closing with the offer, he promised to begin work on the following Monday. On Sunday morning, not a little to my surprise, he arrived. Somewhat embarrassed, I explained



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

3.—THE GLOBE TAVERN.

that I might be old fashioned and fussy, but that, personally, I could not think of employing labour on Sunday. He hastily disclaimed any idea of Sunday labour, or, indeed, of extra or overtime work of any sort—seemed pained, in fact, that I could attribute to a self-respecting workman an intention so discreditable.

"Being out for a bit of a walk, Sir," he said, "and 'appening to come on thirs—'appening to come on hungry and thirsty (a good bit thirsty) I asked the way to the nearest 'ouse. The bloke wot directed me—'e 'ad a big 'ymn book under 'is arm, and I don't think he took my meaning, for 'e says, 'The nearest 'ouse, my friend,' 'e says, 'is straight on and the first turning to the left.' Well, I took it, and I walked and walked—being that thirsty—that 'ungry and thirsty—that I felt like to drop—but I couldn't see no 'ouse anywhere. Then I see a name on a gate, Frogna! it was, and knowing as you lived there, I thought I might as well peep in and 'ave a look at the garden, so as to know what tools I shall want, and so as not to waste time (your time, Sir) on Monday. It's a very 'ot day, Sir. Wot I may call a 'ot and thirsty day, if you take my meaning."

I said it certainly was hot, and I thought I took his meaning perfectly, and "would he like a cup of tea, or a glass of milk, or a bottle of" — (he brightened perceptibly during the brief pause that I made) — "or a bottle of soda water, with the cold beef, bread and cheese and lettuce, which I proposed to offer him?"

He had a brief relapse, as of one experiencing "that tired feeling" to which allusion is sometimes made in advertisements of certain patent medicines. For a few moments he sat as if anxiously considering which of the three liquids mentioned would do the least amount of permanent injury to a constitution already so enfeebled by teetotal drinks that the utmost care and consideration were necessary.

"I dunno," he said at last, brokenly and uncertainly. Then, as if a sudden and dazzling light, a positive inspiration had broken in upon his darkness, he became cheerful again. "Bottle o' beer goes best with beef, and cheese and bread and lettuce, 'specially lettuce," he remarked, suggestively.

"Beer," I said, shortly, "I can't offer you. There is none in the house."

"An' a nice 'ouse, too," he commented, with a sniff which went as far as a sniff can to qualify the compliment, and to suggest sarcasm. "Wot I might call 'andsome and solid built, and, I've 'eard, with fine wine and beer cellars, all laid out in shelves and bins, where a gentleman could keep all the good liquor as 'im and 'is friends ud be likely to want."

I did not stay to discuss the house further, either in regard to its architecture or to the use to which I had put or had not put the commodious wine cellars. Instead I sent him the promised supply of cold beef, cheese, bread and lettuce, assisting him to make up his mind on the other point by the addition, since he had professed himself thirsty, of a generously sized jug of the delicious and ice-cold spring water for which Fairlight is famous.

He was evidently aware that, for hygienic reasons, it is wise to refrain from imbibing cold water in any quantity when one is overheated, but the solids he punished effectively, and so, having "done himself well" as the slang phrase goes, at my expense, he took himself off, and I neither saw nor heard from him again. Doubtless he found that, owing to labour shortage caused by the war, he could get all the work he wanted within easy reach of his own home, and where "'ouses" of refreshment are more conveniently near and more conveniently numerous than they are here.

COULSON KERNAHAN.



# IN THE GARDEN

## ROSES FOR PILLARS AND PERGOLAS.

**I**N a few weeks the Rose planting season will be in full swing, and it is well that we should now make a selection of varieties for autumn planting. Happily, there are plenty of varieties, both old and new, from which a selection may be made. There are excellent pillar Roses that are little known, and there are at least two varieties that have been overplanted in many gardens. The two varieties in question are *Crimson Rambler* and *Dorothy Perkins*. *Crimson Rambler* is altogether overrated. It is seldom free from mildew, and even at its best the bright red clusters of bloom are of a colour that seldom enters into harmony with other flowers. *Dorothy Perkins*, on the other hand, is a very beautiful Rose, but it has been planted liberally in almost every garden in the United Kingdom, and we can have too much of a good thing. In certain seaside towns its glorious trails of flowers are seen along every esplanade, over every bandstand, and smothering up the surrounding vegetation in the corporation gardens. So freely is it seen in some neighbourhoods that one might almost be led to believe that it is the only rambling Rose in cultivation. A few days ago the writer of these notes happened to meet the late Mr. Edward Mawley, the esteemed President of the National Rose Society, who, having just returned from a holiday at one of our seaside resorts on the South Coast, expressed his weariness of the ubiquitous *Dorothy Perkins*, which never failed to accompany him in his walks, no matter where he went. For all this *Dorothy Perkins* is a Rose of bewitching beauty, and it has been particularly profuse this summer.

By far the sweetest Rose for an archway I have seen is *Adelaide d'Orleans*, an old-fashioned variety with clusters of pink flowers that seem to smile back at you from above. It was admirably portrayed in *COUNTRY LIFE*, issue July 22nd, page 105. Although a variety of great charm, it has for some unknown reason been allowed to fall almost out of cultivation. It was one of a set of seedlings raised by M. Jacques when head-gardener at Château Neuilly to the Duc d'Orleans, who afterwards became King Louis Philippe.

*Félicité et Perpétue* is another grand old Rose by the same raiser, and it makes an excellent companion to *Adelaide d'Orleans*. It begins to bloom in early July. The flowers are creamy white and borne in large clusters. It is often wrongly named the *Seven Sisters* Rose.

*American Pillar* must take the lead as the finest single-flowered Rose of its colour, rosy pink, with prominent yellow stamens. It is of extraordinary vigour, and the foliage is large and glossy green.

*Blush Rambler* belongs to the same group, *i.e.*, multiflora scandens, and, like *American Pillar*, it is one of the easiest to grow and never fails to flower well.

*Tausendschön*, with charming rose pink semi-double flowers likewise belongs to the same group. It is exceptionally beautiful and makes an excellent pillar Rose.

*Una* is a very pretty semi-single pale cream Briar, and should find a place in every garden. Its only fault is that it is inclined to be bare at the base. It is of vigorous habit, and it is a good plan to train it around poles placed in the form of a tripod, by which means its bare legs are more or less hidden.

*Excelsa* is destined to oust *Crimson Rambler* from our gardens. It is not so liable to mildew, and its flowers are of a more pleasing tone of colour, neither do they turn blue in the sun.

*Alberic Barbier* is one

of the best of the *Wichuraianas*, all of which make clean, healthy growth and have beautiful glossy foliage. The buds are yellow, changing creamy white with age. *François Juranville* is another *Wichuraiana* of great merit. The flowers are deep fawn pink.

For early summer flowering *Goldfinch* is very good. The buds are deep yellow, changing to cream as they open.

The old Climbing *Aimée Vibert* is still one of the best. Its large clusters of white flowers are borne in June and again in autumn, while it is almost evergreen.

*Paul's Carmine Pillar* has large carmine scarlet flowers, often opening before May has departed. It is well adapted to rambling over old trees.

*Mme. Alfred Carrière* is another grand old Rose. It has large, creamy white flowers and continues to flower over a long period. This Rose is grown with delightful effect in Mr. H. R. Beeton's garden at Hammonds, Checkendon, Reading, and a view in this garden is seen in the accompanying illustration. The lofty arches and pergola of this Berkshire garden are clothed with many of the foregoing Roses mingled with some of the newer Chinese Vines, *Clematis montana*, *C. Jackmanii*, *Wistaria chinensis* and Dutchman's Pipe (*Aristolochia Siphon*). Other Roses included are *Climbing Captain Christy*, *Longworth Rambler*, *Hiawatha*, *Philadelphia*, *Lady Gay* and *Lady Godiva*. The arches leading up to the tall Yew hedges are placed a good way back to allow a broad stone pathway around a formal Lily pool. A grass walk runs under the pergola, and is bordered with herbaceous flowers on either side. This pergola is well planned, making, as is intended, a cool and charming retreat in summer evenings when bold groups of blue and white *Campanulas* are flowering in the borders and masses of Roses look down from the pergola overhead.

Pergola Roses are a great success in this garden, and not the least beautiful are the large-flowered varieties, of which *Climbing Captain Christy* and *Climbing Caroline Testout* may be taken as examples. It will be observed that *Lady Gay* is included in the list. This Rose is so very much like *Dorothy Perkins* that there is no occasion to grow both varieties. Even expert rosarians are sometimes at a loss to tell one variety from the other. We have always thought, however, that *Dorothy Perkins* produces a greater profusion of flower, and *Lady Gay* comes into bloom a week or so earlier, and is, if anything, rather deeper in colour than *Dorothy Perkins*. *Lady Gay* is said to have been a sport from *Dorothy Perkins*, but since it shows no improvement on the original, it ought not to have been given another name. There is also a *White Dorothy Perkins*. It is very free flowering, but its effect is often marred by its tendency to produce splashes of dull pink on its otherwise white flowers.

With summer-flowering Ramblers like *American Pillar*, *Dorothy Perkins*, *Crimson Rambler*, *Tea Rambler* and *Blush Rambler*, to name only a few, their beauty is over all too early in the season. For this reason it is a good plan to mix a few Perpetual-flowering Ramblers with them. Good varieties for the purpose are *Alister Stella Gray*, *Conrad F. Meyer*, *Mme.*

*Alfred Carrière*, *Paul's Single White*, *Reine Olga de Wurtemberg*, *Rêve d'Or* and *William Allen Richardson*. Most of these are flowering now, and not the least beautiful is the buff yellow *Rêve d'Or*, which never fails to bloom in June and again in the autumn. Again, that grand old Rose *Gloire de Dijon* is more or less perpetual flowering, and supplies a colour that is much needed on the pergola.

SINCE the foregoing notes, containing a passing reference to



ROSE ARCHES AND LILY POOL.

Mr. Edward Mawley, were written, we learn the sad news of the demise of this venerable rosarian. His association with Roses and the National Rose Society dates back a very long way. For nearly forty years he was the secretary, and on relinquishing this post two years ago he was elected president. Meteorology also claimed his attention, and he is said to have had the best private observatory in the British Isles. For a few years he was secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, ultimately becoming president of that Society also. It was about the year

1875 when he first commenced to grow Roses at Croydon, and so successful was he in taking prizes in the smaller classes that his friends used to affectionately refer to him as the "champion of the lightweights."

Just what the National Rose Society owed to him will never be known. He had the satisfaction of seeing it grow from a small association into the largest society devoted to one flower in the world, and he endeared himself to all who had the privilege of knowing him.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

*What wonder if a poet now and then  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child?*

WORDSWORTH supplies a key to the mood in which Emile Cammaerts has written the little sheaf of verse, *New Belgian Poems: Les Trois Rois et Autres Poèmes* (The Bodley Head). Behind the poignancy, behind the burning words of passionate anger, lies the affection of a lover or a child for the familiar landscapes and homely scenes of the land from which he is an exile. "Mon ami," "ma noble sœur," "ma tendre mère" and "ma Patrie" are endearing phrases from the opening number, "A ma Patrie enchaînée." Even then it is the little Belgian town that is in his mind. Witness the following in Mme. Cammaerts' translation:

Oh, the long long walks, on Sundays,  
Across the open fields,  
By the white roads, beneath the trees,  
And, in the willows' shadow, the waters dark  
Ruffled by the breeze,  
The cottages with shutters green,  
The perfume of the heather  
Like the honey of the bees,  
The children playing in the dust,  
The lovers close together,  
With dry throats and eyes unseeing,  
Walking slowly, 'neath bright skies,  
A blade of grass between their teeth! . . .

The second piece is an In Memoriam to Lieutenant Warneford, and belongs to a class of poetry which has been hackneyed to death. Nor is much to be said in favour of its successor, "Les Anges de Mons." The true story of Mons is better than this fanciful one. A soldier who was there told the present writer of that critical moment in the battle when a new inspiration came to all. He described it as being a resurgence of the stubborn fighting spirit of the race. No angel was visible to him, but the resolution to fight and conquer was communicated from one to another, till the Germans seemed to be dealing with men transfigured. It was a revival of the spirit that in many a dark hour has come to change English defeat into victory.

Nothing in the book speaks with more certainty of its inspiration than "L'Amour de la Patrie." Here is "human nature's daily food" turned into the refined gold of perfect verse. It should be read in the original, but the poetry glimmers through the translation like a smiling winter sun through dark woodland.

'Tis what we eat, and what we see,  
What we breathe, and what we hear,  
The taste of tobacco and daily bread,  
The glimmer of leaves and the smell of the wind,  
All the well known village sounds:  
The barking of dogs, men calling in the fields,  
And the merry clatter  
Of the glasses 'neath the trees . . .  
'Tis all we cannot say  
And all that we feel,  
All that only can be told  
In singing.

If we were to quote from the volume all the poems of first-rate quality none would be excluded save the two mentioned above. For the little book is made up of the purest gems. Nothing but genius could have conceived "La Gioconda"—verses about an old peasant woman who lives in her cottage not fifty yards from the German trenches and

Every time she meets a soldier  
She smiles beneath her neat white cap.

Her smile is as characteristic as that which Leonardo da Vinci has given the lady in his famous picture.

There are poems in the volume which give wonderful expression to the horror and desperation of war, but we

quote the following, not because it is the best or most eloquent, but for a homeliness which is very characteristic of the author:

#### ADORATION OF THE SOLDIERS.

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

"What is that light in the trenches?  
Put out the fire there!"  
"It is no fire but a rocket  
Which hangs in the sky and will not fall."  
"Let us go nearer . . . Who are these  
Hidden in this dug out?"  
"They are just poor peasants  
Come from the enemy's lines."  
"We must be very careful,  
Perhaps they may be spies."  
"The woman was so tired,  
The ass had fallen lame,  
We let them come in here  
To warm themselves a while . . ."

"Why are you kneeling down?"  
"To see the child better."  
"Why do you bare your head?"  
"Because His little feet are white."  
"Why do you fold your hands?"  
"Because to-morrow is Christmas Day."  
"Why are you so silent?"  
"That we may hear the song:  
'Glory to God in the Highest!'"

"Bring hither wood and blankets too;  
Give more light and warmth!  
('Peace on earth, Goodwill towards men!')  
Chocolates and sweets and jam,  
Hot soup and cheering beer!  
('And war to the enemy of Christ!')  
Milk for the mother, a pipe for the old man,  
And a cross from a grave for the newly born!"  
('Glory to God in the Highest!')

"The Mystery of the Three Kings" is a dramatic poem in two parts, one in Heaven and the other on earth. The first consists mainly of a conversation between Satan and the Angels Gabriel, Michael and Raphael, the subject being the war. The other is staged on earth, and is a realistic and terrible picture of the Kaiser's dream. We give a typical passage, but no extract could possibly convey an adequate idea of the poem:

EMPEROR. My way crushes 'neath its weight

Wrecked farms and ruined towns,  
It sees not, neither hears the voice  
Of those whom it destroys.  
It is a great machine  
Without heart or soul,  
Which I wind up, every morn,  
And which, every eventide,  
Through flames and red blood streams  
Carries me further on  
Towards the goal of my dreams . . .

THE SOLDIER. Glory to him who stems the tide!

NARRATOR. The Emperor descends towards the soldier.

EMPEROR. Who speaks when I speak. Who art thou?

SOLDIER. He whom thou didst not expect.

EMPEROR. The exile, the conquered?

SOLDIER. He who will conquer thee.

EMPEROR. The chief without people. The king without land?

SOLDIER. The Soldier-king.

EMPEROR. Whence comest thou?

SOLDIER. From my frontier.

EMPEROR. What has become

Of thy army?

Where hast thou left it?

SOLDIER. North, South, East and West,

Wheresoe'r thy name is cursed.

**The Golden Arrow**, by Mary Webb. (Constable, 6s.)

WOULD it be possible, we wonder, to write a novel about country people that is interesting and yet neither comic nor what is politely called "powerful"? Mrs. Webb verges upon all these three qualities; but we feel that her book might have been just as interesting had it contained less of the



coarseness that so often stands for power and humour. We are not quite sure what idea lurks at the back of her story about the peasants of the Shropshire hills. They are depicted as creatures of primitive passions, childlike and unthinking in faith or unfaith, gentle or fierce in religion, and very much preoccupied with the subject of sex. There are two young couples, both seeking the golden arrow, which typifies true love. With one couple it is the man who is the honest seeker; his wife, Lily, is a soulless piece of frivolity. The other couple, Stephen and Deborah, do not marry at first, and it taxes our credulity to believe that Deborah, the modest, pure-minded maiden, would give herself to Stephen without marriage, nor that her righteous parents

would consent to such a union; neither would she continue to love Stephen, calling him the "lover of her soul" when she finds him to be the lover of her body merely. She persuades him eventually to marry her, but at the bond he first chafes, then breaks away, his passion having burnt itself out. Nothing is left to him but the ashes of his materialism, and he flies to America, whence he returns at last to his wife and newborn child, having acquired during his absence, we trust, a little self-restraint. That Mrs. Webb also knows how to depict a lovable character is shown by John Arden, Deborah's father, with his gentle faith in the goodness of Nature and his wide human sympathies. He and his wife are full of wise saws.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

A RECENT visit in company with the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club—instituted, by the way, just one year before Sir Walter Scott died—on the eve of the anniversary of his death, which took place on September 21st, 1832, renewed one's doubts, not as to the genius of the "Great Wizard," but as to the appreciations of his literary critics.

Carlyle, for example, was vexed because Scott had no Puritan "fire in his belly." Leslie Stephen, in his "Hours in a Library" and the Dictionary of National Biography, writes patronisingly and rather as the professional dealing with the amateur, and Stevenson—though acclaiming him as "King of the Romantics"—cannot refrain on the score of technique from styling him "an idle child." Bagshot, again, in his review of the Waverley Novels, though alive to their extraordinary merit—"There are no such books as his for the sick room, or for freshening the painful intervals of a morbid mind"—fails to understand Scott's character as a whole. Growing as serious as an archbishop, he points out that "the deficiency in the attenuated, striving intellect, as well as in the supernatural soul, gives to the 'world' of Scott the cumbrousness and temporality—in short, the materialism—which is characteristic of the world."

The following further passage not only shows misunderstanding, but is untrue, for Scott himself said that "though no one has made more use of ghosts than he had done, yet he did not believe in them."

"Superstition was a kind of Jacobitism in his religion: as a sort of absurd reliance on the hereditary principle modified insensibly his leanings in the practical world, so a belief in the existence of unevicted, and often absurd, supernatural beings qualified his commonest speculations on the higher world." But if we look at the matter in a broad light and reflect upon the humanity of Scott and agree with Stevenson that "the most influential books, and the truest in their influence are works of fiction," we shall add another stone to the cairn sacred to Scott's memory.

As one of the greatest story-tellers of the world, Scott was concerned with romance rather than with religion; and when Bagshot complains that he gives "no delineation of the soul" one may surely point out that in the persons of "Dour" Davie Deans and Jeanie Deans you get a "delineation" of the soul of the Scots Puritan peasantry which has become classical. None of his "following" would pretend that Scott could have given to the world a Hamlet; all one would point out is that revelations of the soul are given which show that he was not wholly devoted to the exterior matters of life, as Bagshot seems to imply in his review.

Take, for example, the picture of Saunders Mucklebackit after the death of Steenie endeavouring to patch up his boat, and, finally overcome by his emotions, flinging his hammer against "the auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted, sae many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d—d to her." To borrow a phrase from Mr. Berenson *à propos* of Giotto—he gave "tactile values," and in the delineation of character Scott proved himself a great creative artist.

"Clauds o' cauld parritch—clauds o' cauld parritch—gude enouch for dogs, begging your honour's pardon," says the dour and supercilious Scots gardener in the person of Andrew Fair-service in derision of the Established Church—with "the curate linking awa' at it in his white sark yonder"; and reading this, one instinctively recognises the man as a type. The same holds good in more exalted spheres, for James VI and I is just as alive and real as Fairservice, and stands forth as the pawky Scots Dominie for all time, even though he wore a double crown.

"Ay, Ay—*Beati pacifici*—my English lieges here may well make much of me, for I would have them to know, they have gotten the only peaceable man that ever came of my family. If James with the Fiery Face had come amongst you," he cried, looking round him, "or my great grandsire of Flodden memory!" And once again, "O, Geordie, Jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

There is always, as has been pointed out, a simplicity about great art. Great artists discard the unessential and, in fiction, reach the bedrock of character. Thus Stevenson's gibe of the "idle child" applies only to Scott's construction and disregard of technique, not to his drawing of character or intellectual industry, for either has rarely been equalled.

Asked as a boy what he was going to be, Scott replied, "a virtuoso," whom he defined on further interrogation as "one who must and will know everything." This determination he adhered to throughout his life, and so when at mature age he sat down to write the great series of Waverley Novels he could out of his stores of knowledge, memory and experience improvise tales that would draw "old men from the fireside and keep children from their play."

Let us compare for a moment Meredith—at one time a master to Stevenson—with Scott. Meredith with all his wit and brilliance fails where Scott succeeds. He analyses where Scott synthesises. The author of "The Egoist," inspired by the comic spirit, pulls to pieces the English worship of respectability, the love of decorum, intellectual priggishness in the person of Sir Willoughby Paternoster and "snipes" him as a Pagan his Saint Sebastian. Yet all the while one is conscious that there is not in reality "any such person" as "The Egoist." On the other hand, the way in which Scott realised his characters can be proved by his extraordinary feat in dictating, when confined to bed with cramp in the stomach, "The Bride of Lammermoor" to his amanuensis James Ballantyne. "He assured me," writes Ballantyne, "that when it was first printed and put into his hands in a complete shape he did not recollect one single incident, character or conversation it contained. He remembered the plot or story—which was original fact—but not what he had himself added."

"For a long time," confessed Sir Walter, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure you would not have permitted anything of the sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole, I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in shorthand at the moment. I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the matter at all. I believe you will agree with me that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful."

Thus musing and recollecting one walked and talked in the garden of Abbotsford—Abbotsford that had once been "Clarty Hole" till the genius of Scott had turned it into romance—and listening to "the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles"—the sound, Lockhart says, Scott loved best—one repeated instinctively the verse of Andrew Lang:

My cradle song, nor other hymn  
I'd choose, nor gentler requiem dear  
Than Tweed's, that through death's twilight dim,  
Mourned in the latest minstrel's ear.

HOWARD PEASE.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## "THE SORROW THAT SORROW GROWS LESS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the review of "The Book of Sorrow" you find that Mr. Macphail could have expanded his theme of grief "on the sorrow that Sorrow grows less as time goes on," and you quote some lines from "In Memoriam." I have always thought that the superb expression of this grief of the faithful heart is to be found in Wordsworth's sonnet entitled "Desideria." The momentary forgetfulness when he remembers his lost love (it was his daughter) is followed by the agonised, surprised conviction that it was a lull in the consciousness of loss that made the stab of memory possible. I do not know in literature any other embodiment of such poignant fidelity. It is a refinement of sorrow such as would only occur to a rare mind that has stretched its suffering beyond the crudity of tear-stained griefs. It is not usual to associate Wordsworth with passion in its violent form, but the isolation of human grief and the vast imperturbable process of Nature around us has brought its deepest cry from Wordsworth:

"She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees."

There the poet, the lover of Nature, saw too clearly the dispassionate and monstrous forces he had so often admired. One sees his tortured soul. It was his own inspiration, his divine ardour, that had glorified this clod. His warm heart seems to stop momentarily just in these two poems, "A slumber did my spirit seal" and in "Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind." Neither Shakespeare himself nor those who could match his grief at the evanescence of human glory in the Greek anthology ever found words sadder than

"When I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore."

—R. G.

## QUERIES FROM THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a constant reader of your paper, and it comes out to me every week, I have noticed a good many letters in COUNTRY LIFE saying that people in England can hear the guns in France or Flanders. I have been out in France and Flanders now for some time, and if anyone will look at the map, even the roughest newspaper map, they will see that the line is considerably east of the Isle of Thanet and that the prevailing winds are south-west. Therefore I do not think even the echo of the guns could be heard, to say nothing of the direct sound travelling. I am afraid I am pouring cold water on somebody's pet fancy; but why let imagination run riot? Keep it in the proper channels. There are several things that interest me in your columns, and the chief of these is the reclamation of waste land. Now, where I live there are in various places small patches of ground covered with briars and coarse grass hard and dry, so much so that nothing touches it. These have been practically given up as hopeless, and gorse has been planted as a last resort. Probably you know these places in Hertfordshire. I have long been waiting to see if any of your articles touch on this cold, bitter clay land, very wet in winter and brick hard if it is dry for any length of time. I wait in patience, as you have spoken about moorland and are at present on marsh and fen land. I sincerely hope never to see England like the part of France I am in now. Except round the villages, there is never a hedge to be seen, nor a tree, except in the woods, of which there are plenty, but even they are new.—R. F. HARGREAVES.

## CHURCHES NEW AND OLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You and Mr. Clutton Brock have paid me the compliment of criticising my letter in your issue of September 2nd, on the subject of the proposed destruction of our beautiful commons, and also the views I expressed about a church recently built at Kempley, a photograph of which appeared in your columns. On the former subject I have nothing to add to what I wrote in that letter, except to express a wish that they may yet be spared. On the subject of modern church building, I have neither the wish nor the authority to pose as an expert, and my remarks on Kempley Church were made because the photograph in question showed a building that offended both my eye and my sense of good taste, and I think it must have affected others in a similar manner. Whether a really beautiful modern church is to be arrived at by a closer study of the architecture of bygone days or by an entire departure from it I must leave to those who have spent their lives studying the subject. I will quote but two sentences of Mr. Brock's letter. He says (and judging from what I must call the appalling atrocities one comes across, I think, rightly), "We have *tried* in our church building to speak a dead language, and the result has been an ugliness never before equalled in the world." He gives what I think is the reason in another sentence: "Ugliness has come out of our desire to imitate as *cheaply as possible* the beauties of the mediæval builders" (the italics are mine). Now, a speech in, let us say, Latin delivered by one who has *mastered* that language may well be a thing of beauty. The same speech by one who has only *tried* to master it, just the contrary. Therein lies the difference. If the desire and dominant idea have really been to build "as cheaply as possible," the failure to achieve a good result was a foregone conclusion. The mediæval builders took account of neither time nor money. As an instance of what I mean, one frequently sees in modern churches what I must call the simulacrum of mediæval features, but expressed out of all mediæval proportion. Walls, which in an ancient building would have been 4ft. thick, reduced in the new to 2ft., necessitating, of course, a similar reduction in the splays of all windows and doorways, and robbing them of their depth and importance. Archways which should have been soft, high made

15ft. Columns which should have been a yard or more thick, only some 18in. Beams which should have been some 14in. square, represented by timbers half that size, or perhaps by rafters, etc. So that where the whole beauty of an old building lay in the *massiveness* of its construction, generally quite unadorned, the new one having no massiveness has no beauty, and expresses nothing but meanness—a meanness often only accentuated by an effort at some florid out-of-place decoration. As a departure from ancient methods has resulted in what Mr. Brock rightly calls "an ugliness never before equalled in the world," why not try a return to them by frankly and truthfully copying the ancient features in their *proper proportions*? I am able to speak from some little experience in the restoration of old houses, and have adopted those methods, always with the happiest results.—B. DE SALES LA TERRIERE (Colonel).

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The trouble with Mr. Brock and his sympathisers is that they cannot see that "style" is no more than the language in which the architect says his say. The fallacy that style can make architecture is long dead; soon, I hope, will perish its progeny—that architecture can be made by the negation of style. Every great artist has started with a style more or less ready-made, and I fail to see why it should matter whether that style was made five years before or five hundred. Personally, I rather like Mr. Wells' amusing little box of crudities, though I wish he would make something out of them. But I maintain that any church—say of Bodley's—is far more *original*, because the originality lies in great things, not in small, in line and proportion, and not in tricks of "honest craftsmanship," etc. If only the essentials of fine architecture—rhythm, contrast, poise and the like—were studied, and such vanities as "texture," "craftsmanship," "honesty," forgotten for a while, we might wake to the fact that masterpieces do not depend upon accidents of time or date, and that Pearson's noble church at Kilburn is in the same category as is Wykeham's noble church at Winchester. Since there is one "style" more than any other bound up with the history of the Catholic Church in England, it would seem expedient not to break the association for any trivial reason. But this is not a matter for the architect, but for the Church to decide, and I think that the decision is safe in her hands.—H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to Colonel La Terrière's letter about Kempley New Church, might I suggest that until the nineteenth century new churches were always built in the prevailing style of the period which the builders liked and in which they naturally expressed themselves. I can recall many charming Colonial churches in America (where Gothic was not imported until the nineteenth century), and there are examples of dignified sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century churches to be found all over Europe. It is a great mistake to suppose that Gothic is a specially consecrated ecclesiastical style. It expressed the taste and aspiration of a great religious period. But it was then the prevailing type of architecture in use for the building of cottages and palaces, town halls, as well as cathedrals, and it so expressed the live feelings and the ideas of the day that the craftsmen were not afraid to immortalise their irony and their humour and leave us satirical cartoons in stone. That is perhaps why Gothic is of all styles the most difficult to copy, for it requires inspiration both in the architect and the craftsman, and imitation is cold and dead. It is better, then, to do as our fathers have done, and without striving to be too original, to express our religious feeling in our own way.—A LOVER OF GOTHIC.

## "ITALIA REDENTA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If any readers of COUNTRY LIFE are so ill-informed as to underestimate the share being taken by Italy in the common task, it is to be hoped that Mr. Dodington's recent article will have served as a wholesome corrective. A few years ago, together with other journalists, I had the privilege of making a sort of semi-official tour through Northern Italy, extending from Turin to Venice. Of the beauties of Nature and the glorious art treasures nothing need be said. Let them be "taken as read." What did surprise me, however, was the wonderful energy and industrial activity apparent on all sides. A nation of idlers and dreamers! Why, the northern Italians can teach us much by the manner in which they are establishing the economic prosperity of their country. All honour to them. In the main they are not rich people, especially the middle and professional classes, whose incomes are not comparable with our own, but they are workers. The manner in which the swiftly flowing rivers are harnessed and compelled to turn the mighty turbines which supply the land with cheap electricity filled me with admiration. And what left me more amazed still was the absence of slums in the busy manufacturing towns, the cleanliness of these towns, and the lack of outward evidence that great industrial activity was proceeding all around us. Compare Turin and Milan with our Northern and Midland towns, and weep. Yet the working classes are much poorer than ours. Concerning the attitude of the statesmen and politicians, the civic magnates, the journalists and professional men whom we met, the overwhelming impression carried away was of a profound affection and admiration for Great Britain. As an example of the sentiment prevailing seven years ago let me quote the welcome extended to us by one of the papers. The halting English may be overlooked: "We who know how much exquisite courtesy reside in the soul of the Sons of Albion, having lived several time amongst them, mindful and grateful of the attestation of sympathy and esteem profuse to us in that epoch, we are touched, shaking them the hand. This modest peculiar exemplarity of our characteristic Fiera, be worth also to remember us, and be a sincere homage and devotion to the Great Friendly Nation and his illustrious sons."—A. C. S.



THE HARVEST MOON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if you or any of your readers could tell me which is the harvest moon. Almost every year I find myself at variance with someone on the subject. As a lad in the country I was always told it was the full moon after September 21st. If you could say if this is correct I should be grateful.—A. BURLS.

[It is the moon which is full within a fortnight of the autumnal equinox (September 22nd or 23rd), and which rises for several nights nearly at the same hour at points successively further north on the eastern horizon.—ED.]

A DOG WHO INVENTS HIS OWN GAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of my dog, which has a curious way of amusing himself. He puts a ball into the lily tank and then pats the water with his paw till the ripples carry the ball to the other side. He walks round, takes it out, and repeats the process, generally from the same spot.



WATER PAW-BALL AS PLAYED BY ONE.

He will continue doing this for a considerable time. He was not taught to do it. It seems rather unusual for a dog to invent a game of this kind himself.—H. M. STOVELL.

WINGS VERSUS LEGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent describes a remarkable walking achievement which a Cheviot raven recently placed to its credit. It was a tame bird and had been captured by a farmer, who clipped its wings so that it could not fly away. After a few days had elapsed the creature disappeared, and duly turned up at its owner's home, having walked a distance of five miles over hill and valley. The story reminds me of a seagull's wonderful performance of which I was a witness in the autumn of 1911. I was riding along a lonely country road in North Argyll when a common seagull alighted about fifty yards in front of me. No sooner did it touch the ground than it started to "foot it" briskly in the direction in which I was proceeding. My horse was going along at a smart walking pace, but, even at that rate, I gradually crept up to the avian pedestrian. The gull exhibited no concern until the distance separating us had been reduced to, say, twenty yards. Then it cast a furtive glance behind, and, taking to the wing, flew forward until it was again about fifty yards ahead. This manoeuvre was constantly repeated until we had covered two miles and came to the outskirts of the village for which I was bound. It then flew off at right angles and made for the sea. For the most part the road that we had traversed was close on a mile from the shore; and, so far as I could judge, the bird which had been the companion of my journey was perfectly healthy. What could induce it to engage in such an arduous walking exercise and follow the road so long and closely, I could not even conjecture. It occurred to me that a fish-cart might have recently passed along that way, but I ascertained beyond a doubt that my theory was baseless.—A. H.



A JAPANESE FARMER AND HIS AGRICULTURAL DEITY.

CANE AND WILLOW CHAIRS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Sir Martin Conway's letter in your issue of September 2nd is very interesting, but I cannot believe that the Souvigny sculpture represents a cane chair. It has the characteristics of a piece of canework woven upon a wooden frame, but I doubt if it is other than a reproduction of some fine Arabic woodwork. I have never come across any canework prior to the Jacobean period, but perhaps Chinese students could provide earlier instances. If the Souvigny sculpture is meant to represent woven work, it must be cane, and not willow. I mention this because willowwork for chairs goes back to Roman times, as shown by the illustration of a sculpture of A.D. 200 in Treves Museum, which I send herewith. In the Mainz Museum there is also a piece of slightly later sculpture illustrating a very similar type of chair. Pliny, in his Natural History, says "the white variety of the willow is remarkably pliable, and is especially adapted for the making of those articles of luxury—reclining chairs." And perhaps Horace (Epist. i, v) refers to a wicker chair-maker when he asks Torquatus to dine with him, saying, "I hope to see you at sundown, if you do not object, to lie on a couch made by Archias, and to dine off a dish of herbs." I send you a little book published in Amsterdam and dated 1651, with a wicker chair illustrated on the title page.—H. H. PEACH.



WICKER CHAIR OF 1651.



WICKER CHAIR, A.D. 200.

FARMERS' IDOL IN THE FIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The photograph shows a stone statue of Ziro, or Kshitigarbha (a Buddhist guardian-deity of children), erected in the rice field. In our country some farmers consider the deity to be a guardian of the field as well as of children. Whenever they begin or finish the day's work they will offer prayers for good crops to the image which is keeping watch all the time over the field.—K. SAKAMOTO, Tokirvacho, Yamada, Ise, Japan.

## HOW TO DISPOSE OF SAWDUST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sawdust from the sawing mills was once considered to be of no use, but at the same time a cottager was always glad to have a sackful with which to bed his pig; and after this use, the remainder was looked upon as one of the best mucks for potato setting. Cartloads were also tipped into yards into which the liquid drained from stables and cow byres, and when mixed with farmyard manure was good for any sort of land for muck spreading; in fact, few in country places considered sawdust as waste, and a handful mixed with the mould in window-plant pots was said to be "the best thing out." It was also used to take the sourness out of soil in "unkind" garden corners. Many old cottagers considered oak sawdust the best to turn into garden muck, but it took a longer time to rot.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Possibly your correspondent has some footpaths which he would like to see free of weeds, but has not labour to do so. If he will spread sawdust over them he will have a nice footpath and one quite free from unsightly weeds. Sawdust mixed with coal dust, which everyone has in his coal cellar, makes good briquettes. It is dirty work, as they have to be mixed with something which will bind them together. As far as I remember, it was tar which I saw used. A box—without lid or bottom—for a mould is all that is required.—H. D. L.

## THRIFT IN WAR-TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph taken in Buckinghamshire is of an old gipsy woman, who, after making a last gleaning of the fields, threshes her corn out on a



HER STORE WINNOWNED BY THE WIND.

wooden block with a little hand flail. Then she lets it fall on the spread sacking from the saucer held high above her head and the wind winnows the husks away.—HABBERTON LULHAM.

## FASTER HORSES FOR FARM WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should just like to say how thoroughly I agree with every word written by Major W. F. Wailes-Fairbairn about Shire horses. As he truly points out, the greatest obstacle to the use of a lighter and more active horse on most farms is the men. I am convinced that it would be greatly to the interest of the farmer, as he would get much more work done in a day, but the men do not like the fast walking horse, and it is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at. The only way I can see out of the difficulty is for the implement makers to put seats whenever possible. The men, strangely, appear to have an objection to riding except on the shafts of a wagon, but no doubt that could be got over. It is no uncommon sight to see a man toiling—behind a heavily weighted roller, harrow or cultivator—on foot when, if he could and would get up and ride, his weight would be of use, and much more work could be got through in course of the day. It is so much easier, too, for horses when driven from a seat which moves with them, than by a man who stands on the ground and allows himself to be pulled along by the reins. As to the best way of producing the class of horse recommended, I have an open mind, but I think that Major Wailes-Fairbairn's method would be well worth trying. I have an idea that a strong cross of Percheron blood would be advisable. I hear nothing but good of them from the front, and, after all, what better test can there be for finding out the

class of animal which will do the most work on the least food, for that is what we all want, though it seems to be quite lost sight of.—A. M. PILLINER.

## LONDON OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Strolling home through Grosvenor Square about 10.30 p.m. on September 12th I heard the unmistakable (to an ex-countryman) "squawk" of owls in the garden. I am practically certain I heard the pair. This may be stale news to the inhabitants, but it was a surprise to—A LONDONER.

## PORTUGUESE WOODMEN IN THE NEW FOREST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an article on the New Forest and the timber supply which appeared in your issue of September 2nd the writer talked about the "cheery, willing sawyers" imported from the forest districts of Portugal. I had an opportunity of photographing two of the identical men who appeared in the group shown in the article. They were certainly willing, and, of course, I may not have done them justice, but it seems to me that there is something grim in the Portuguese smile which, taken in conjunction with their tools—I nearly said weapons—becomes almost sinister. One can imagine mothers in the Forest villages in future threatening their refractory offspring with "The Portuguese 'll get you."—P.



"HERE COMES A CHOPPER."



"SMILING, DESTRUCTIVE MAN."

## LONG OAT STRAW

THE EDITOR

SIR,—It is always a farmer's joy when he finds that his ripening corn crops promise to be full in the head and long in the straw.

I am reminded of this by the beautiful pictures in the "Battle against Weeds" in your Correspondence column of September 9th, in which oat straw is shown 7ft. high. I would like to know if there is a record of the tallest oat straw known. At many of the smaller agricultural shows that I have attended—small, but not less important than the larger—there are often exhibited hand-cuts of oats, wheat and barley to show the growths from root to head, and naturally these are cut from the best crops. I have seen some magnificent handfals in the North Midlands, and the longest oat straws with heads were over 9ft. in length; in fact, they seemed 3ft. taller than the tallest man attending the show. Such exhibits always drew special attention, and I have seen the straws carefully counted in such handfals, and on one occasion they were examined to see if there had been any fraud attempted by cutting a stalk in two in the middle and inserting a second straw at the cut portion of the straw tube. There are many "dodges" done at country shows in order to win a first prize.—AN OLD REPORTER OF SHOWS.